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club

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GIRL ON GIRL

CREAM CRAZY *LUCY* LAPS IT UP!

'STROKE MY BOTTOM!'

TEN CHEEKY CUTIES PEEL OFF THEIR PANTIES!

THE HOME OF HORNY WOMEN

THIS MONTH IN CLUB TEASE!

Volume Twenty Two Number Eight
CLUB INTERNATIONAL

Summer's here! Yes, stand back girls, because for the first time since I was 11 – I'm wearing shorts! Aren't you jealous? Wouldn't you like to see how muscular my lovely legs are, how tanned and hairy? Well, if it weren't for the fact they're as thin and smooth and white as legs on a plastic garden chair you could! Still, I paid for them and they're all mine, so there.

Anyway, what with all this sun about I thought it high time I took my humble and grateful staff out on a picnic. Now as you know, there's quite a few of us here at Club so I reckoned the only way to do it was to 'do a Cliff', as we say in showbiz circles, and hire a big red London bus for the day!

So we set off for the seaside singing 'Summer Holiday' at the tops of our voices, all of us sporting big quiffs. I was at the wheel, naturally, but I'd forgotten my glasses and as I couldn't make out road signs or see oncoming hairpin bends till it was too late I ended up hurling the bus around corners at 80 so everybody was thrown from side to side as we crashed through hedges and ploughed regardless across cornfields.

Still, the police were very understanding, and after shaping a coat hanger around two knobbly beer mugs and then wrapping it all around my head I could see quite well, and in no time at all we'd reached the seaside resort of Little Twatting

page 5
Stephanie

page 25
Barbara

Thought for the month: "Two's company, three's a crowd, but if you haven't tried four you ain't lived, son" – *Albert Einstein, 1929*

page 31
Elizabeth

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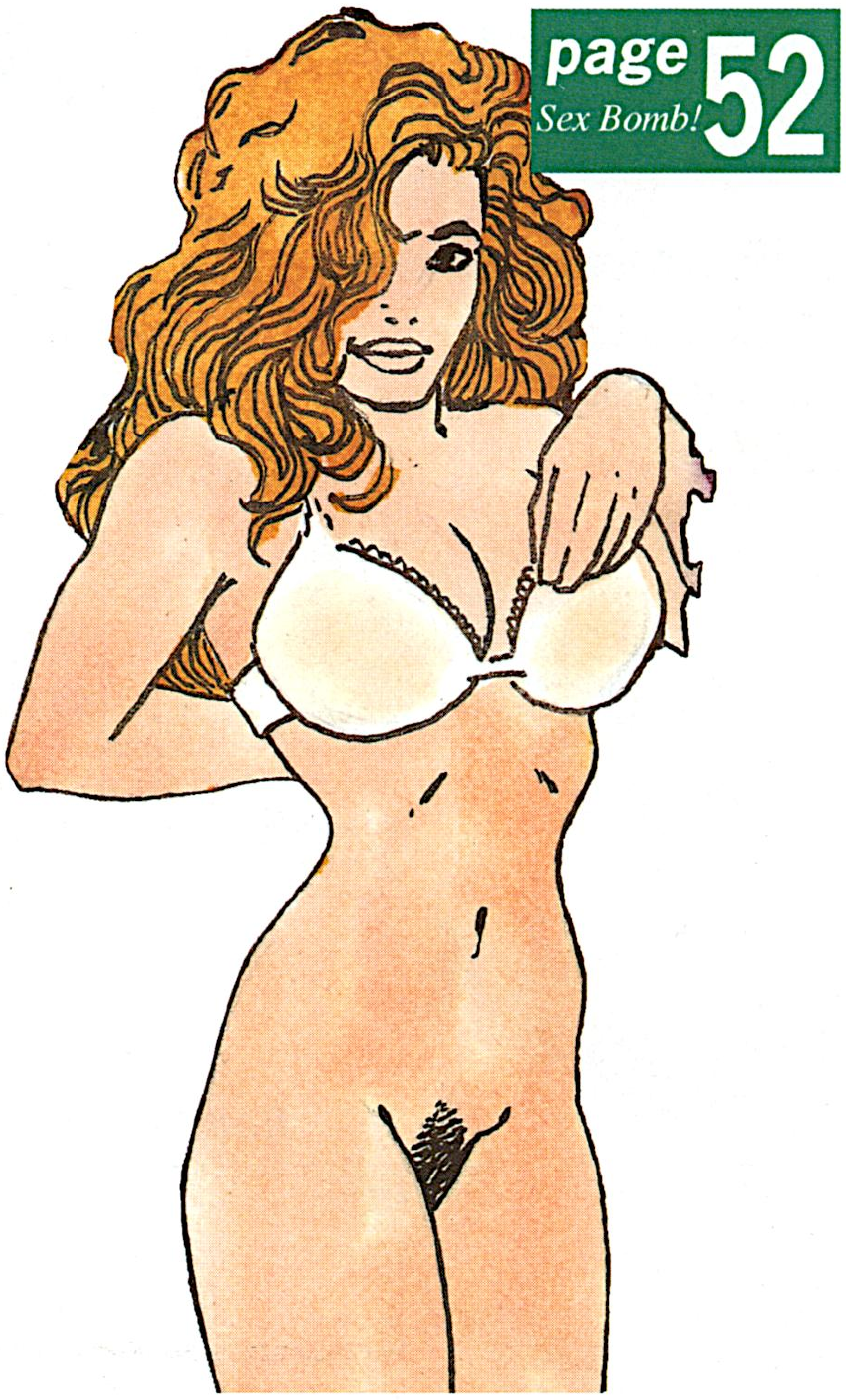
page 45
Jasmine



Under Lined. Soon we were enjoying a bracing dip in the sea, a game of Strip Sandcastles and an ice cream with sand in it. But, when we were all ready to tuck into our picnic, we discovered the 20 top models we’d brought along with us had forgotten to bring any food! I was furious, but when you’re faced with 40 lovely boobs wobbling up and down and their owners asking if there’s anything they can do *at all* to make it up to you, you do tend to forgive.

So, as the storm clouds gathered, we picked up our belongings and legged it to the nearest pub where we merrily spent the rest of the evening getting drunk. The last thing I can remember is sitting back and thinking of all the combinations a man could come up with involving those models, our new sex-bomb cartoon superheroine Chelsea Ash, a little self-denial and a four poster.

Now that would’ve been the end to a perfect day if it wasn’t for the bus rolling down onto the beach in the night and sinking up to its wheelarches in the sand. Of course, I quickly blamed young Rod Edwards for not putting the handbrake on and pointed at him quite sternly. Then I ordered him to jolly well bring it back and, er, left him to it.

It’s a shame really ’cos the poor bugger’s still there. As we all rolled home on the train the next morning shagged out, sunburnt, and sick of Cornettos I did feel a twinge of guilt.

So look, do me a favour, if you live by the sea and can see a little fella being pecked to bits by seagulls as he tries to lasso a London bus, pop him in the post and send him home to us. He’s got the key to the staff loo... ♣

page 70
Gabrielle

page 20
Lucy &
Danielle

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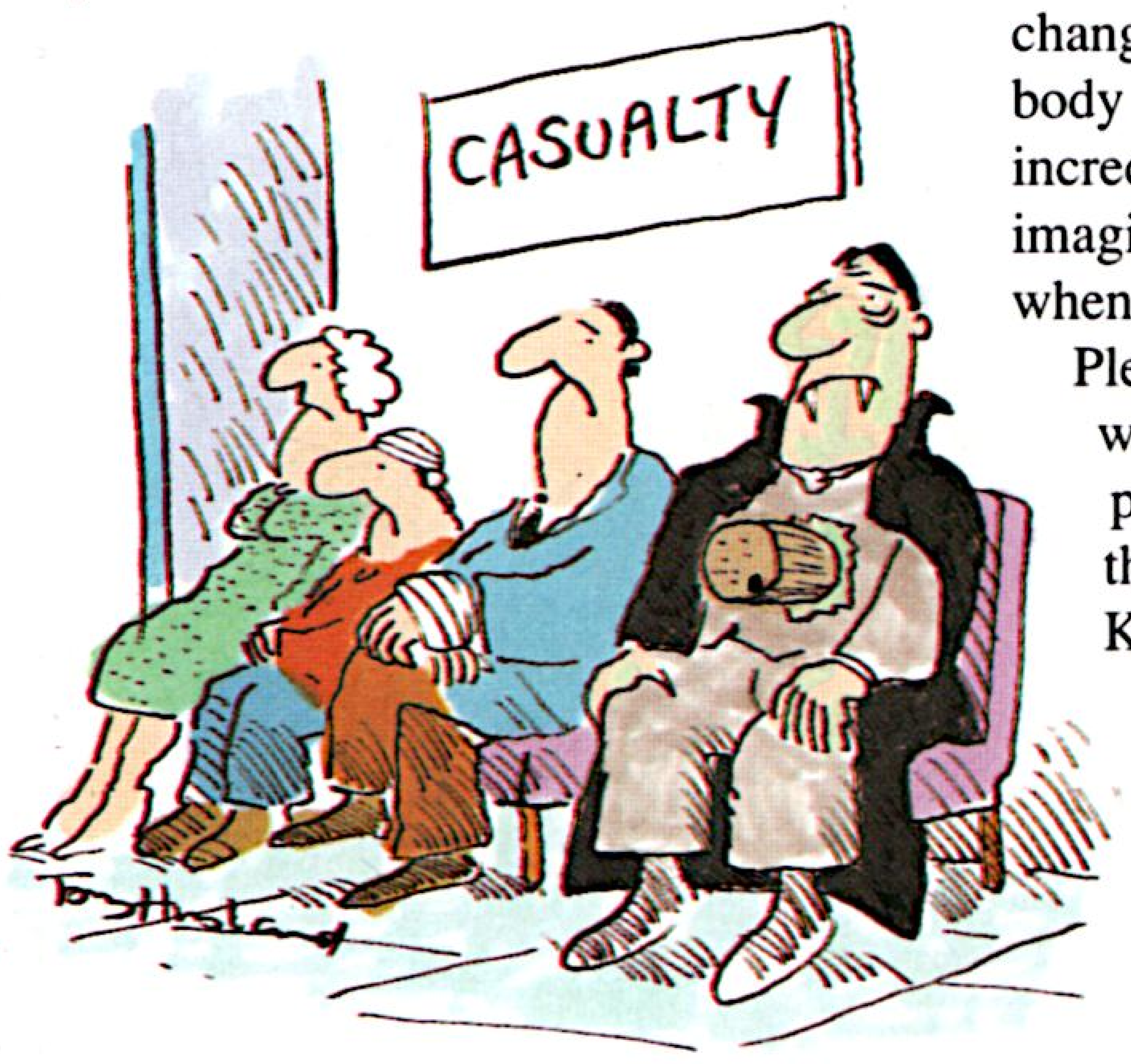
IN THE BAG

If youve been at it like a rabbit, then send in your rampant ramblings to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF.

Hair, Here!

I couldn't believe my eyes when I opened up the latest issue of Club (Vol 22 No 6) and saw the lovely pictures of Karen inside. I'm sure your other readers would agree that she's very beautiful; but what really caught my eye was her delicious looking pussy.



I've noticed that many of the models in men's magazines have very sparse pubic hair, but it was a real treat to see a bushy pussy for a change! I've always found body hair on a woman incredibly sexy, so you can imagine how pleased I was when I saw Karen.

Please let's see more women with hairy pussies – especially if they all look as good as Karen! – *Chris, Harlow*

Red Alert

It took you almost six months, but thankfully you came to your senses and featured the ample charms of Tara once more in the last issue of Club (Vol 22 No 6).

I'd just about given up hope of seeing the raunchy redhead again, but I almost came on the spot when I opened up the magazine and saw her peachy bum spread across the centre pages.

I can just imagine kissing her all over, lingering on her boobs as I take her nipples between my lips and suck on them. Then I'd lick my way to her ginger pussy, flicking my tongue across her swollen clit... Mmmm, sounds nice, doesn't it?

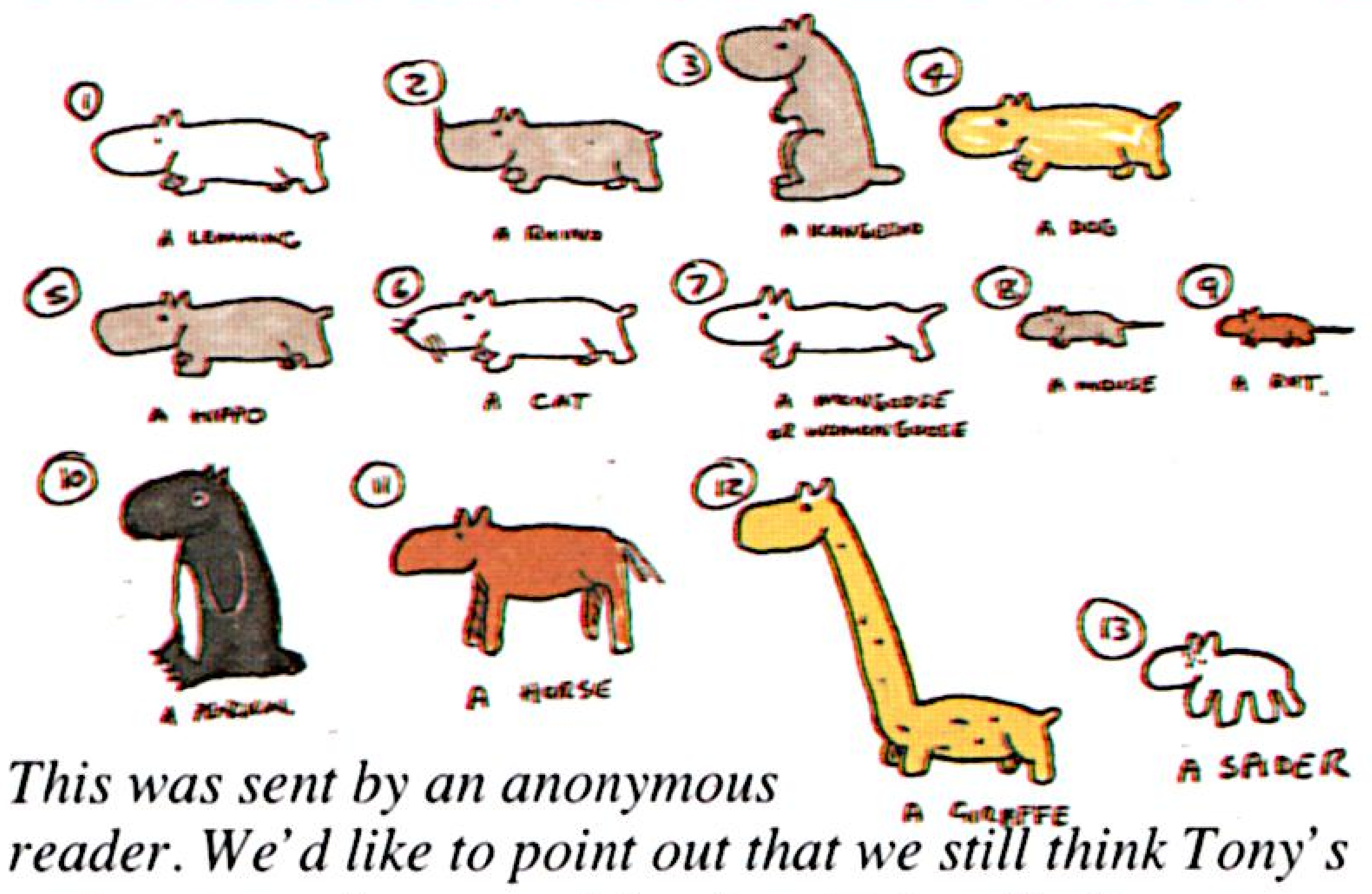
Please don't leave it another six months before featuring Tara again – I don't think my cock could wait that long! – *Michael, Manchester*

Join The Club

After buying the Best of Club (Number 24), I just had to write in and congratulate you on a brilliant magazine. It was great to see all my favourite girls again, especially Shanine. What a stunning girl she is – as far as I'm concerned she's got the lot. A fabulous pair of tits, a curvy bum and a pussy that you'd sell your wife for! Let's hope that we see more of her in Club again, and soon. Of course, I must mention Carla, Cassie and, of course, lovely Lucy, all of whom are favourites of mine.

I've just renewed my subscription to Club for another year – after all I can't take the chance of missing out on all these girls again, it would break my heart! – *Chris, Leeds*

TONY HUSBAND'S ANIMAL GUIDE PART 1



This was sent by an anonymous reader. We'd like to point out that we still think Tony's cartoons are funny, and they're staying. So there.

FREUDIAN SLIP

Pause, gentle reader, and mourn. News has reached my desk that Emma Freud, that jewel in the dust of womankind, that radiant pearl in the gooey oyster of sexuality, possessor of the ultimate female brain and even more ultimate female bottom, is getting married.

And not to me. The bitch.

Of course, she's only getting spliced to spite me. She thinks that by marrying Richard Curtis, so-called wit (did *Blackadder*), attempted nice guy (organises Comic Relief) and naff-looking carrot-top, she'll make me jealous. Hah! Jealous, me? She means nothing to me now, the hussy. Why, as the all-powerful Editorial Supremo of the vast Club empire, I am surrounded by stunning women throwing themselves at my genitals with reckless abandon.

Oh God, I can't pretend any more. It's all over – the women, the fast cars, everything. I'm going to join a monastery in the Outer Hebrides. Club deserves more than being edited by a broken man.

My last editorial directive is that from now on all issues of Club will have a black border around every page, to suggest the right note of mourning. Every girl will be called Emma, will have shoulder-length dark hair and a cute lop-sided grin, and will tell the readers they present medical programmes on TV and enjoy working with Ned Sherrin.

Cheers then. I'm off to sit in a darkened room, bang my head against the wall and scream "Why? Why? Why?" at the top of my voice. I may be gone some time... – *The Editor* ♣

Room For Two

My name is Barry, I'm 21 years old and I'm studying at college. To help me pay for things like food, books and – of course – my copies of Club, I work as a night porter during the holidays at a hotel in the centre of town.

My job is to help the guests with whatever they need, which isn't usually much in the middle of the night. It can get a bit boring, but reading the naughty confessions in Club helps me pass the time!

Anyway, last Tuesday I got into work a few minutes early and was chatting to the receptionist, Barbara, when a really stunning woman strode in saying she had a reservation. Barbara took down her details and then handed over her room key. "If there's anything you need, Barry will be on call until reception opens in the morning," she said.

The woman eyed me up and down, her gaze lingering on my crotch. "I don't need that there's anything I'll need right now," she replied curtly. "But I'll ring down if I change my mind."

I settled in at my desk with a copy of Club and started to flick through it. Just as I got to the climax of a really dirty confession, the phone rang.

It was the lady who had just checked in. "My television doesn't work," she said. "Could you come and fix it for me?" I waited a minute to let my hard-on die down, then went up to her room. The door was open, but there was no reply when I knocked. I walked in, and heard the door slam behind me. The woman was leaning against the door, smiling wickedly.

"Why don't you take your clothes off?" she whispered.

stephanie

Photographs by
Michael Moore

She had obviously just had a shower as her long blonde hair was wet and her shapely figure was covered in a hotel bathrobe.

"I don't want to have to ask you again," she said. "I want you to take off your clothes, then I'm going to fuck your brains out."

Well, how could I possibly refuse a request like that? As I stripped, she untied the cord of her robe and let it fall to the floor. She had a great body, tanned and smooth with a neatly trimmed bush.

She told me to lie down on the bed. Then she went to her suitcase and pulled out a pair of stockings. She straddled my chest and playfully tied my hands to the head of the bed with the stockings.

I enjoy a little bit of experimentation as much as the next man, but here I was with a total stranger in a hotel room – if my hands weren't tied up, I'd have pinched myself to see if I was dreaming!

"Don't worry about a thing," she said, "just lie back and relax." She swung one leg over me and then began grinding her soft pubes onto my chest as she started moaning and touching her breasts.

Slowly, she edged down my body, until she reached my erect cock. Wrapping her fingers around my shaft, she eased her wet pussy onto my cock, until I felt my balls rub against her soft pubes.

Then she started bouncing up and down, arching her back each time she lifted herself off me. She slid her knees tight against the sides of my body as she expertly milked my cock, until I screamed out that I was going to come.

Suddenly she jumped off my cock and slithered down to swallow my come – but she didn't quite make it in time. I sprayed my sticky spunk all over her tits, and she took great glee in rubbing it all over her nipples, massaging them to erect points. I felt completely drained, but she still wasn't satisfied!

She shuffled back up my body and sat on my face, grinding her pussy onto my mouth as I thrust my tongue in between her pink,

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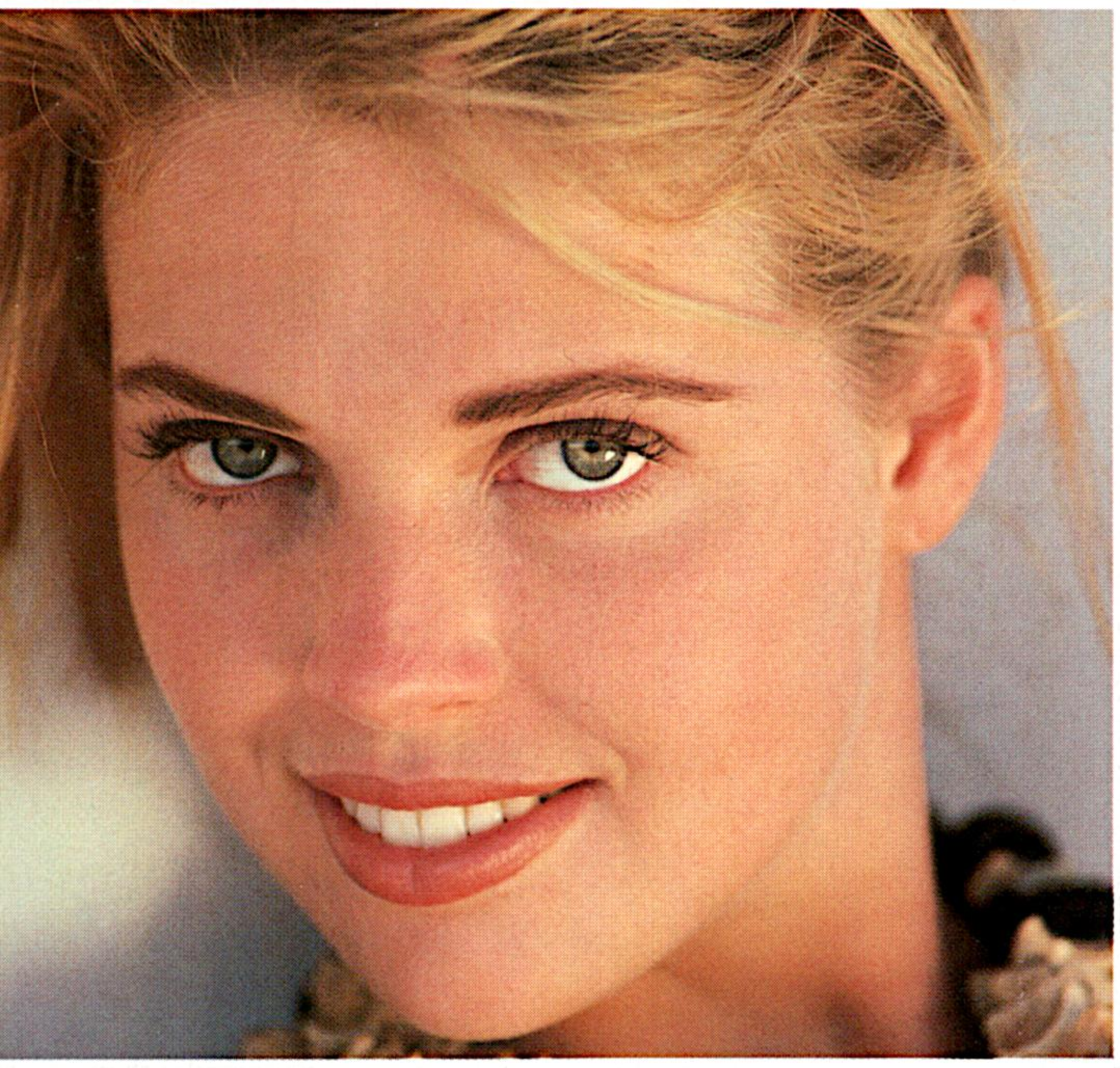


Our favourite beach babe is back! Yes, sexy Stephanie is taking it easy in California while we sit in our back gardens with a warm beer in one hand and an umbrella in the other.

"Oh, English summers aren't that bad!" laughs the 19-year-old. "Besides,

it's not all lying around on the beach here you know. Sometimes I do it by the pool, too."

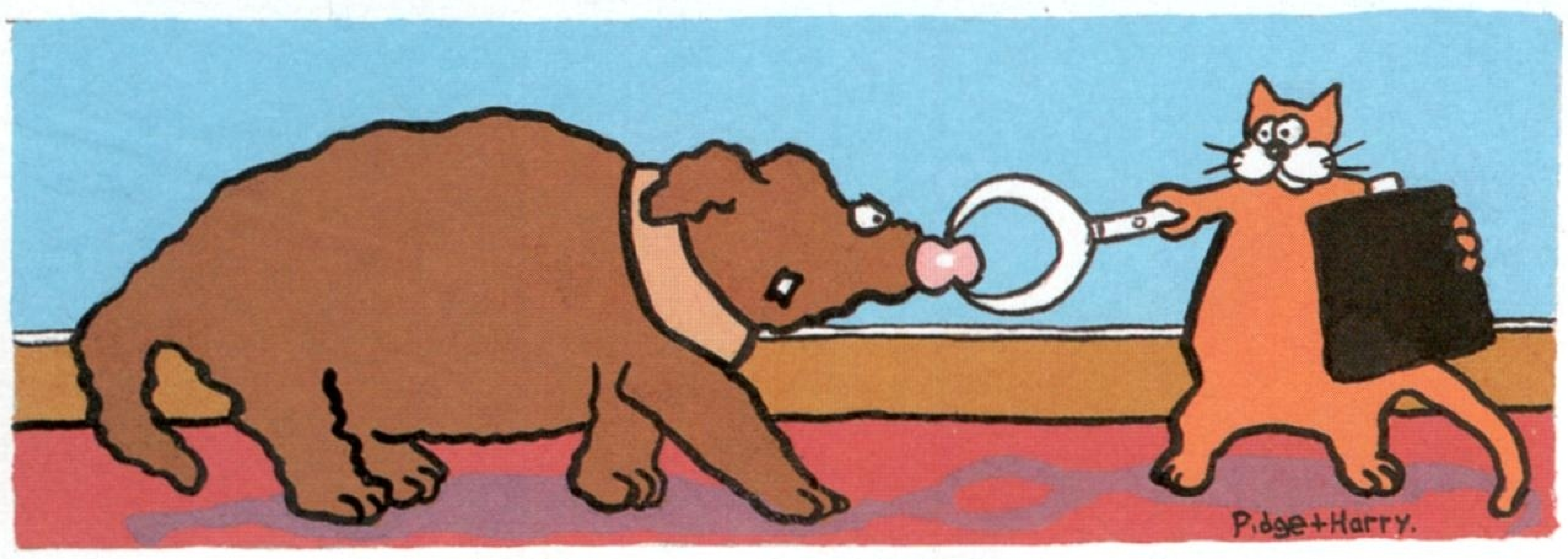
We bet you do! So come on then, tell us, how come you're out there?

"I've started going out with this airline pilot and he takes me all over the world with him – it's great! Mind you, he does bring his work home with him. Undressing is 'taking off', lying on top of me is 'permission to land' and as for 'flaps up?' Well, I blush to think!"

Wonder if he works for Virgin... ♣

IS THIS CARTOON FUNNY?

Last month, when we came back from the pub, we decided to use this cartoon. But now, we can't remember why we thought it was funny. If you get the joke, please write and explain it to us. Thank you.


Pidge+Harry.

"Quite frankly your curiosity is beginning to bug me"

IN THE BAG

continued from page 5

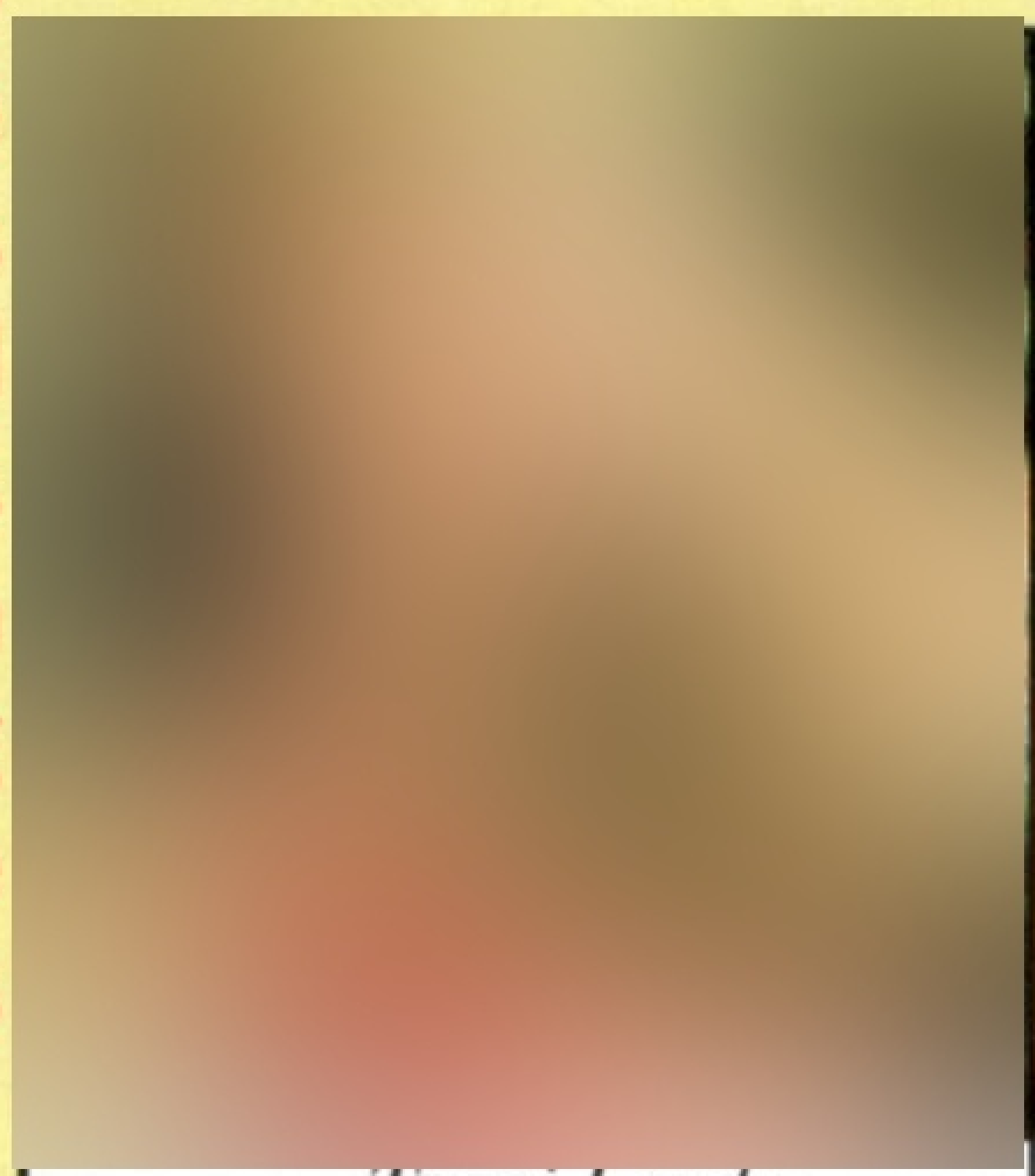
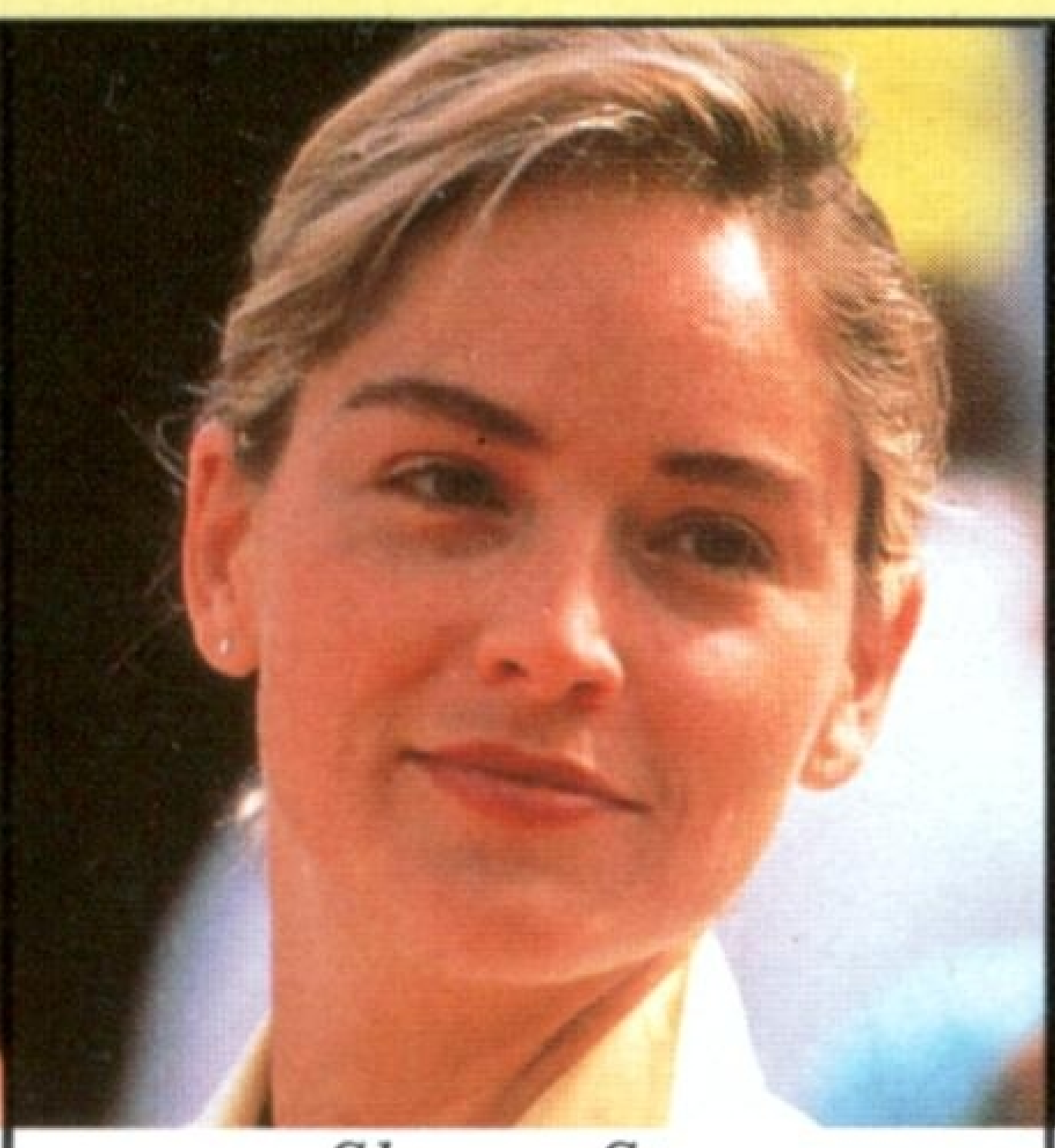
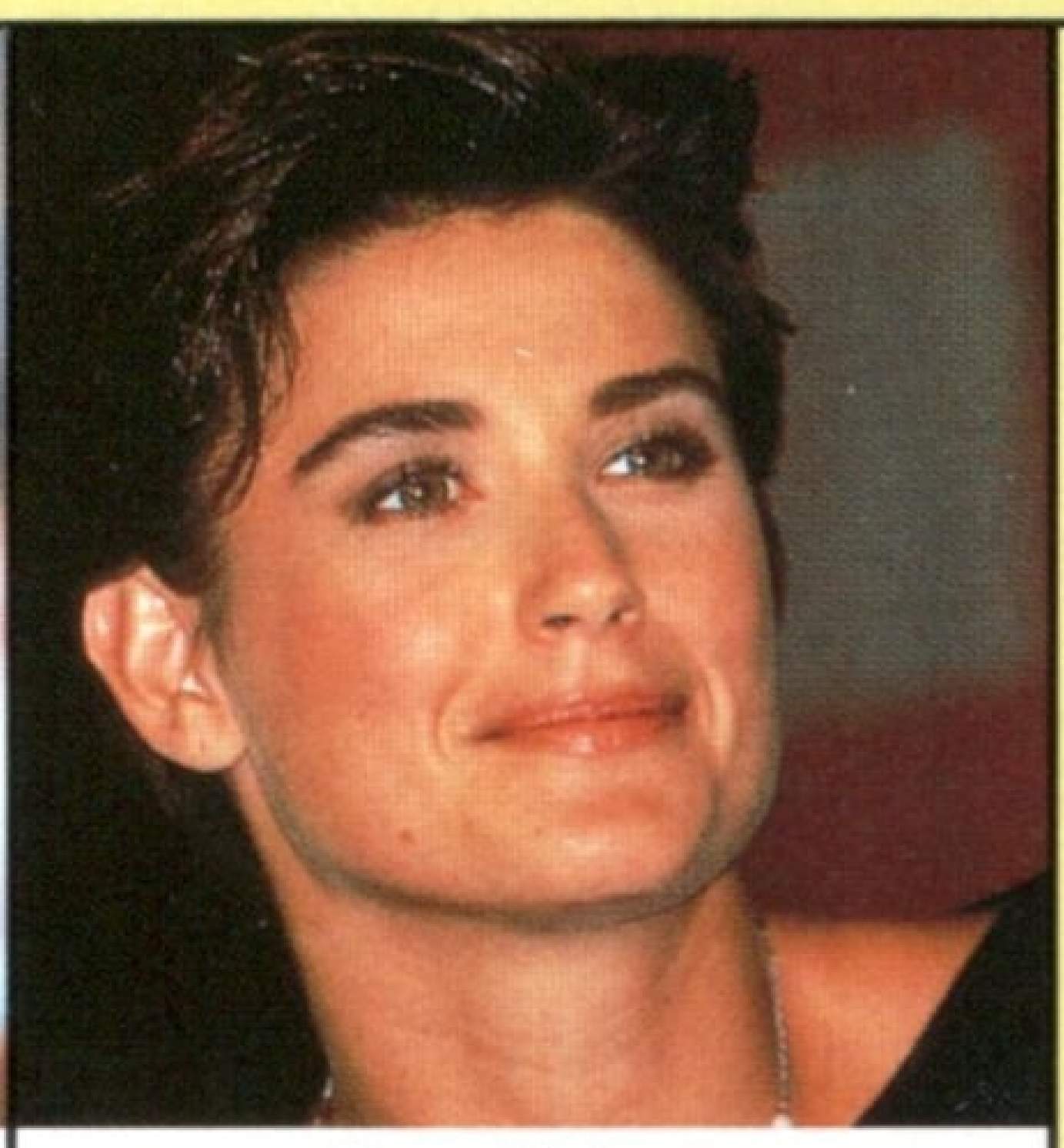
swollen lips. I could hear her gasp with each flick of my tongue as she started bouncing up and down, throwing her head around in ecstasy as I sucked hard on her clitoris. I could feel her going over the edge as her whole body shuddered and she moaned that she was coming, grinding down harder and harder. Then she collapsed onto me, whispering that she wanted to do it all over again.

"I'm sorry, but I've got to get back to work," I apologised. "Could you undo these stockings?" She looked at me, smiling wickedly, then untied me.

"Okay, you're free to go," she giggled, "but haven't we got time for a quick

Is your favourite screen siren a raving nympho willing to drop 'em as soon as the clapperboard comes out; or is she as cold as an Eskimo's drinks cabinet? Find out with the latest thrilling installment of the Harry Wells Filmgoer's Companion...

SCREEN BABES: HOW FAR

	 *Traci Lords*	 *Madonna*	 *Sharon Stone*	 *Demi Moore*
FLASHED A THIGH?	You could say that...	Oh yes	Opened them right up in *Basic Instinct*	She spread them in *Ghost* – sadly a potter's wheel was in the way
GETS HER TITS OUT QUITE OFTEN?	Mmm, we can safely say she has...	Take a wild guess	Not as often as we'd like	You'd have to use the pause button on your VCR to see a nipple
APPEARS NAKED ON A REGULAR BASIS	Oh, c'mon	When she's not doing films about baseball	She's saving the full frontal for *Sliver*, we hope	In *Indecent Proposal* – but rumours of a body double
GETS HER KIT OFF IN MAGAZINES TOO?	...but she was only fifteen at the time	Went a step further and released her own book, *Sex*	Has done for *Playboy* and poncy French mags	*Oui* and *Vanity Fair*
SHAGS IN EVERY SINGLE FILM?	Not recently	Not in every film	Quite a lot, yes... but watch out for that ice pick!	Sadly not
RUDEST FILM	*New Wave Hooker*	*A Certain Sacrifice*	*Blood and Sand* (now available to rent on video)	*Indecent Proposal*
RATING	10 (i.e. she makes Madonna look like Mary Whitehouse)	7 (...let's just say she sings better than she acts)	8 (Her new film, *Sliver*, is rumoured to be the rudest yet.)	6 (She's never done anything too steamy)

one?" I couldn't possibly refuse a request like that, and we fell onto the bed together and enjoyed a frantic fuck. Then I headed back down to my desk before anyone noticed that I was missing.

At exactly 6am, Karen – the morning receptionist – arrived to relive me. "Crikey, you look flustered, Barry," she said. "Heavy night was it? The lady in room 403 left something for you." She handed me a small package. "She said she was very satisfied with the service too."

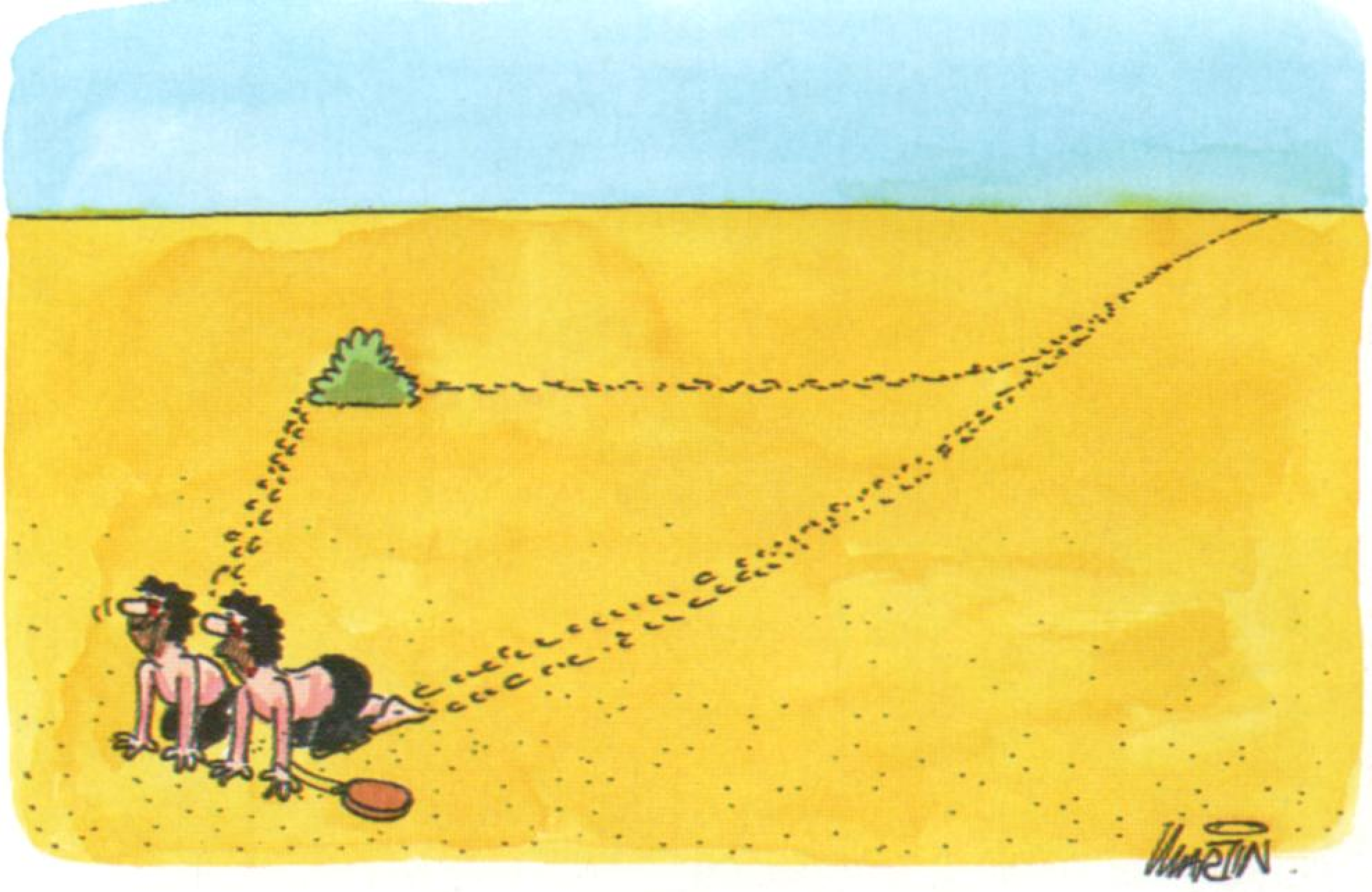
I quickly opened up the package and out fell the stockings which had been used to tie me up! Karen stared at me as I turned bright red and quickly stuffed them in my pocket.

Everyone at work is a little confused as to what happened that night, but maybe if they see my letter in Club, they'll get the full picture! – *Barry, South London*

Four-Play

Last month my wife Alison and I went to lunch with Patrick and Jane, a couple that we met on our honeymoon and who have remained close friends. Pat and I went to the pub for a few beers, while Alison and Jane cracked open a bottle of wine while they prepared lunch.

In the pub, the conversation eventually got around to sex, and Pat told me – not for the first time – that he fancied Alison.



Thank God for that! I don't think I could've lasted much longer!

When we arrived back at the house, the girls had polished off the bottle of wine and it sounded like their conversation had been similar to ours. Jane was in the middle of a story about one of her friends who had divulged her sexual exploits to her, and they sounded very steamy!

Her friend had a theory that men could not resist a come-on from any woman. This had got them both feeling very naughty and they wanted to try out this theory on us. So after lunch we moved to the living room, with me sitting next to Alison and Pat and Jane sat opposite.

The atmosphere was electric, and I noticed Pat was staring at Alison's legs every time she changed position. I knew that she was wearing stockings and I assumed that Pat had noticed too, and was catching a glimpse every time she crossed her legs; but what I saw surprised me. Alison had taken off her knickers and every time she crossed her legs, Pat was getting a view of her hairy cunt.

Jane went into the kitchen to open another bottle of wine, but after a few minutes she called me in saying that the cock was stuck in the bottle. I had my back to her as I put the bottle

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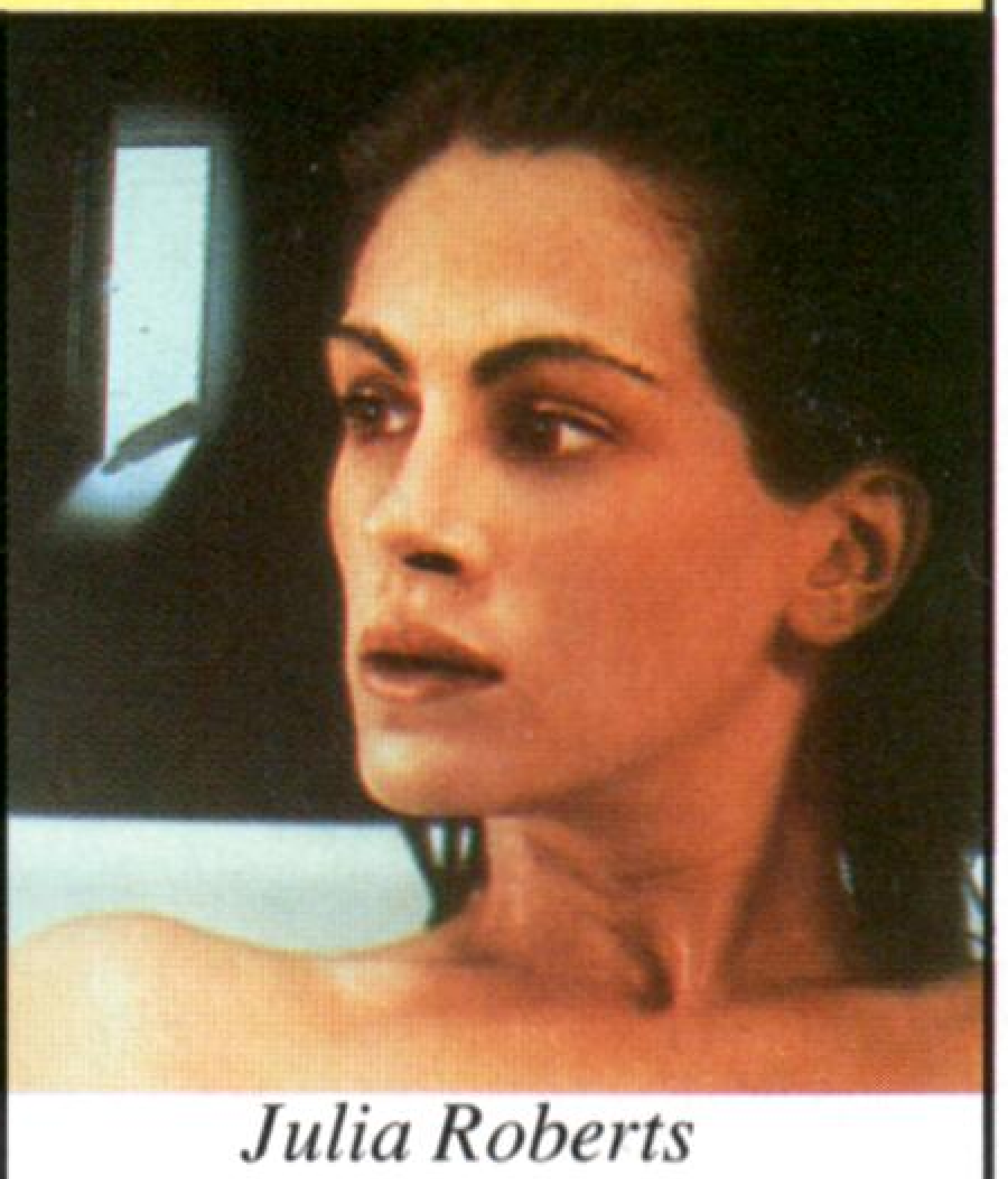
DO THEY GO?

	Lisa Bonet	 Julia Roberts
	Yes...	Only just...(She even used a body double for the *Pretty Woman* poster)
	Only in *Angel Heart*	No
	Again, only in *Angel Heart*	No
	Not really	No
	Erm... in *Angel Heart*	No
	Angel Heart (Christ – has she done any other films?– The Ed)	We're still waiting...
	5 (For – you've guessed it – *Angel Heart*!)	1 (...we live in hope for the future)

Dear Clarissa,

I've seen some peachy bums in my time, but I have to say that yours is definitely the Rolls Royce of derrieres. My eyes almost popped out of my head when I opened up Club (Vol 22 No 6) and saw you in all your naked glory.

I've got a fairly dull job in an office, but I'm sure you'd brighten things up if you came in for the day as a temp. You'd be dressed in a black, tight-fitting business suit with sheer stockings and high heels – you'd look absolutely incredible. I can't keep my eyes off you... and you soon notice. At the end of the day, you march into my office and shut the door behind you.

"You've been watching me, haven't you?" you whisper, before climbing onto my desk and spreading you legs wide. "Why don't you show me what you're really made of, Thomas?"

I waste no time in getting my trousers off, and then I frantically peel off your knickers and ease my cock inside your wonderfully tight pussy. You scream out my name as I start to build up a steady rhythm, the two of us knocking everything off the desk as we thrash around. At this pace I can't possibly hold out for too long, and just as I feel myself coming I pull out and spray my sticky spunk all over your lovely pert breasts. You take great delight in scooping up fingerfuls of it and then licking it all off with your tongue.

I hope you liked the sound of that, Clarissa – it sure beats a normal nine-to-five day, doesn't it? – *Thomas, Glasgow*

You're not joking, Thomas! Normally I prefer wearing slinky dresses and skimpy underwear, but after reading your naughty fantasy I might just have to try out an outfit like the one you described – then I might just pay you a visit at your office too. I hope you're ready for me! – Clarissa ♣

SHE'S ALL YOURS!

Lucy

Photographs by
Jack Harrison

Now the last thing I want to do is rub any of you up the wrong way (even though some of you wouldn't mind too much, I bet!) so this month I thought I'd bring you all back to my place so we could relax together.

You know, if I've been modelling all day I can't help but feel horny and there's only two things I can think of that really let me unwind – and as I'm all on my own I'm sure you can guess what the first one is!

I love to put some slow and sexy music on and unbutton everything, letting it slip to the floor as I stretch out on the sofa and run my hands down my thighs to my pussy. Then I let my mind wander and think of all the things I got up to that day.

And before I know it I'm lost in a dreamy world of French maids, blushing brides and all the other naughty outfits I've worn for you over the past few months.

Thing is, I get so hot I have to go and have a shower to cool off, but all those jets of water running over my body just set me off again, until I can't keep still! Honestly, it gets so hard, doesn't it!

See you next month...

Lucy x

If you want LUCY to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self-addressed envelope.

LETTERS TO Lucy

Dear Lucy,

First of all, thanks for a great set of pictures recently, I reckon you're looking better by the month!

But I must let you into my little secret. My ultimate fantasy would be to see you in a raunchy cowboy outfit, with very tight denim hotpants, cowboy boots and fringed white gloves, all topped off with pigtails and a huge cowboy hat. Talk about Little Big Horn!

Thinking about you dressed up like that makes my bronco buck! Oh, and just to show I'm not a complete twat, I can't stand Country and Western. — *Colin, London*

Oh, I know what you mean! All those silly 'yippee - i - ays' and big guitars bore me rigid. Mind you, if I did dress up like that I'd make a rather sexy Ninestone Cowboy, wouldn't I? Oooh, and I could lie underneath the stars and underneath a cowboy or two at the same time! And we could ride all day over those mounting ranges too! Yeeeha! Now, where did I leave my guitar...

Dear Lucy,

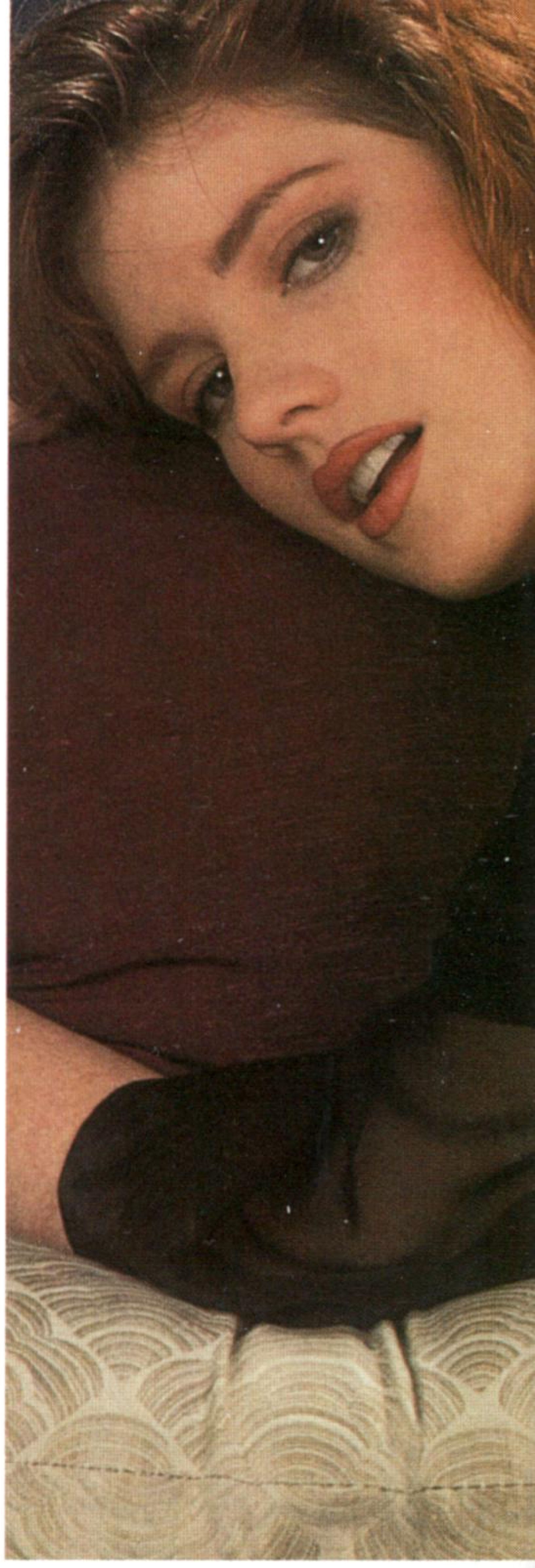
I must say I love all the different things you dress up (and undress!) in, but why don't you do more uniforms?

I'd love to see you all dolled up as a postie as you walked around relieving those big, hard red boxes of their load! You could pop in somewhere for a coffee and slowly undress on the thinnest pretext possible – we want to see you starkers!

So how about it? And remember, if you need any practise you've got my address! — *Les, East Yorkshire*

Be a postie? And get mauled to pieces by a dog? No thanks. I'd much rather be the one in the negligee opening the door for some hunky postman. There I'd be, quietly licking away (on some stamps!) when postie turns up with a packet for me to rip open!

We'd be rolling around on my welcome mat before you could say recorded delivery and even opening a French letter or two – and all before it's time for his second collection! That's what I'd call a first class service! ♣



Lucy

MY NAUGHTIEST TIME YET!

She's finally done it! Yes, Lucy's read all your letters asking to see her with another girl – and now she's gone all the way!

You fellas know how much I love to read your sexy letters, and lately I've been getting so turned on by the ones suggesting that I should try sex with a girl. Fantasizing about tasting a soft, wet pussy, sucking a hard nipple and stroking a round bottom always makes me horny, but I've been too shy to do it for real – until now, that is...

I know Danielle got loads of letters from you lot when she appeared in Club, saying how much you liked her bouncy boobs and smooth bum – and I don't blame you one bit! Anyway, most of us models get on really well, so when Danielle rang me up the other night and said she'd split up with her boyfriend, I told her to pack her overnight bag (you know, toothbrush, lippy and panties!) and get herself round to my place for the night.

I was expecting her to be sobbing her eyes out, but when I opened the door she gave me a quick kiss on the lips and bounded straight in.

"Are you feeling all right?" I asked, following her into the bedroom.

"All right? I've never felt better! And now I've got that idiot out of my life I can do whatever – and whoever – I like!" she grinned, flinging herself onto the bed. "Come on, I've brought a really scary video round to watch!"

It was scary all right, and about halfway through Danielle clutched my arm – and hid her face in my boobs! My heart went wild when I felt her hot breath on my tits, and she must've felt my nipples spring up hard and hot as she buried herself in my cleavage still further.

"Oh, that's horrible! Has it finished yet?" she mumbled.

"I think it's only just begun!" I said to myself as she looked up at me, then kissed me. Gently at first, then with more passion as she rolled over onto her back and pulled me on top.

A moment later we'd undressed, and the heat of our naked bodies pressing together was overwhelming. I kissed all over her face and neck and shoulders, desperate to lick every single inch of her body. I had to have more of her, and turning around till we were in a 69, I trembled with the excitement of getting my first ever taste of another girl's pussy.

I held my open mouth still for a moment, panting on her juicy cunt before finally sinking my head down onto her. I was relishing the warmth of her moist lips as I ran my hard little tongue up and down them. She gasped and shivered with each flick until with one swift movement I slid my tongue right up her. Danielle was really losing control now, writhing around and calling out for me to lick her dry as she opened her soft, milky-white legs for me get even further up.

I could feel her hands spread my thighs apart so she could do the same to me. It was the most erotic feeling, to have such a sexy girl licking and sucking between my thighs while I ate out her delicious cunt.

As I pulled her lips apart, she did the same to me, pushing her nose and tongue right up my pussy. It didn't take me long to start coming, and as Danielle rolled over onto her back I couldn't help but sit bolt upright on her face and grind my pussy hard onto her mouth. She wriggled her tongue right up me, plunging it in and out as I squirmed back, yelling out her name. Her boobs were quivering below me and looked so desperate for attention I just had to cup them in both hands, rolling her hard nipples around with my thumbs.

I wanted her to come at the same time as me (well, we'd done everything else together!), so I fell forward onto her pussy, and parting her lips, I licked up and down the whole length of her warm, sticky love tunnel.

I was panting like an animal as we built up our rhythm; with every lick of mine Danielle would lick me back, every time I nibbled her clit she did the same to me. It felt wonderful to have somebody do exactly what you wanted without having to ask, and Dani must've felt the same because suddenly her gasping became louder and her body arched up at me.

She groaned as I felt her start to come, and I could taste her creamy juices ooze out onto my greedy tongue. Knowing she was satisfied I sat back up, and closing my eyes and squeezing my tits together I climaxed long and hard on Dani's face.

"You can see why I wasn't bothered about being single," laughed Danielle as we lay on our backs holding hands, exhausted. "When there are friends like you around you can never be lonely!"

Well, she had a point! And now I know how much fun it can be sharing your bed with another girl, I might just make a habit of it! ♣

JAILHOUSE ROCK

Lost in music? Why not get into the groove with top pop pundit and proud owner of a mint copy of *Shaddapa Your Face*, **James T Bone**...

Now if you thought that the only mad axeman in **The Housemartins** was the ugly twat called Stan, then think again. Following a case at Hull Crown Court last month, Hugh Whittaker – the mild mannered drummer from the band – was jailed for a vicious axe and arson attack on a former business partner, James Hewitt.

The court heard how Whittaker had ploughed his life savings into a car sales company only for the deal to go horribly wrong. After constant ribbing from his overbearing mother, Whittaker finally snapped and decided to wreak revenge on Hewitt.

Three arson attacks followed, the first two foiled by a friend of Hewitt's who was looking after his house while he was on holiday. The third attempt saw Whittaker – in a stunt of Ealing-esque comedy – cycle past Hewitt's house and throw a petrol bomb, which bounced off a window and failed to detonate!

Finding him guilty of the attempted arson attacks and an assault with an axe (Whittaker even fucked that one up, using the wrong side of the bloody thing!), the judge jailed the hapless Whittaker for six years, thus ensuring his immediate entry into rock and roll mythology. And, of course, giving us a few cheap jokes and a bloody good laugh at his expense at the same time...

The Housemartins: *Burning down the house...*

● Former Pogues frontman, **Shane McGowan**, appears to have hit hard times. The dishevelled-looking singer walked into a London record shop recently with a load of Pogues rarities under his arm, including gold discs, handwritten lyrics and original demo tapes.

Vinyl Solution is now offering a gold disc for Rum, Sodomy And The Lash for £400, handwritten lyrics for an unreleased album called Pogues With An Attitude for £100 and – strangest of the lot – a drawing of three teddy (presumably Gummi) bears for a nifty £50.

Kylie Minogue: *Weddings and Barmitzvahs a speciality*

● **Kylie Minogue** has started work on her new album for DeConstruction Records, the mega-trendy dance label that signed her for a cool £1.5million a few months ago... but the pint-sized Aussie has already suffered a cruel rebuff. She approached Tanya Donnelly (singer of indie-pop group, Belly) requesting a song; Tanya promptly turned her down – only to pen a tune for Welsh sex-god, Tom Jones, instead!

Kylie is currently in the studio with **Saint Etienne** and has recorded a version of their finest song, Nothing Can Stop Us Now. No live dates are planned as yet, although her sister Dannii has asked her if she'd sing at her forthcoming wedding reception later on this year. Will Dannii return the favour when Kylie gets married, we ask? Hope not, for Kylie's sake...

Saint Etienne: *Only Kylie can stop them now*

● American pop star and teen pin up, **Debbie Gibson**, is coming to London this month – playing Sandy in Grease, which opens at the Dominion.

Both Minogue sisters reportedly turned down the role before her. Not surprising, really, when you consider that Craig McLachlan, the former mop-headed Neighbours star, is the male lead role.

I mean, do you know a self-respecting girl that could look him in the eye and sing, "You better shape up 'cos I need a man and my heart is set on you, ooh, ooh!" without laughing loudly? Though not.

● According to a recent report in Record Hunter magazine, the rarest – and most expensive – record is The Freewheelin' **Bob Dylan**. A stereo copy of the withdrawn pressing containing four songs excised from the eventual release is worth a cool £12,000. It's alright Ma, I'm only bleedin' rich.

● Is this asking the impossible? The Chinese authorities have invited **Madonna** to

IN AND OUT

Summer style tips with Terence Trendy...

IN	OUT
Tyra	Naomi Campbell
Belly	Hole
Furry Freak Brothers	Bash Street Kids
streakers	flashers
pierced nipples	pierced ears
beards	goatees
Red Stripe	Becks
wigs	bald heads
corsets	wonderbras
Montreaux	Cannes
PVC	leather
skintight t-tops	plunging necklines ♣

perform in their country later this year... on condition that she tones down her stage performance and doesn't show any naked flesh! Sounds good to us...

- **REM**'s latest LP, Automatic For The People, went to the top of the charts last month – the third time that it's been in pole position since its release last year. With sales over six million, word is that Michael Stipe and co have written a follow-up and are to start recording in their hometown of Athens, Georgia during the summer with a release before the end of the year.

- The purplest of pop stars, **Prince**, announced his shock retirement from the record industry last month, despite signing a $50 million deal with Warner Bros in January.

Although he's contractually obligated to the label for another ten albums, the 34-year-old has over 500 unreleased tracks currently languishing in the vaults of Paisley Park, the Minneapolis-based recording studio that has been his home for the last decade. Famed for his prolific output, Prince has released an album every year since 1978 and looks set to continue the trend well into the 21st century, without ever setting foot inside a recording studio again.

But what's he going to do with all that spare time? Get a proper haircut instead of that poncy one he minces around in? Buy a platform shoe company? Or just set up home with that microphone he always pretends to have sex with? We'll let you know... See you next month, music lovers! ♣

***Debbie Gibson**: Is she the one that you want?*

Photographs by

barbara

Denys Defrancesco

If only all the treasures in your attic looked like this! Yes, Barbara makes a welcome return to Club, but this time we went to her house, where she had a special surprise laid on for us.

"I used to love coming up here years ago and dressing

up in all the old outfits I'd find lying around – and now here I am taking all my clothes off!"

Yes, but what's this special surprise?

"Oh, I thought you lot might like to rummage through my drawers with me!"

Looks like you're doing a pretty good job by yourself! ♣

ARE YOU GINGER?

It's a sad fact, but there is still no known cure for being a ginger nut! Find out for sure if you're one with our latest quiz.

1) When you go into a hairdressers and repeatedly get pushed to the back of the queue, what do you put it down to?

a) The fact that you've been recognised as the sexy pin-up you are and the barber wants to do you last so he can put light bulbs around the mirror, get your autograph and talk about you.

b) Because you're covered in oil, wear a boiler suit and always have six sugars in your tea.

c) Because you'll blunt his scissors with your wanky hair.

2) Why do dogs bark at you in the street?

a) Because even dogs recognise your star quality, and besides they're probably trying to get their master's attention for them to get your autograph.

b) Because you ripped their owners off to the tune of £500 the last time they brought their motor in for an oil change.

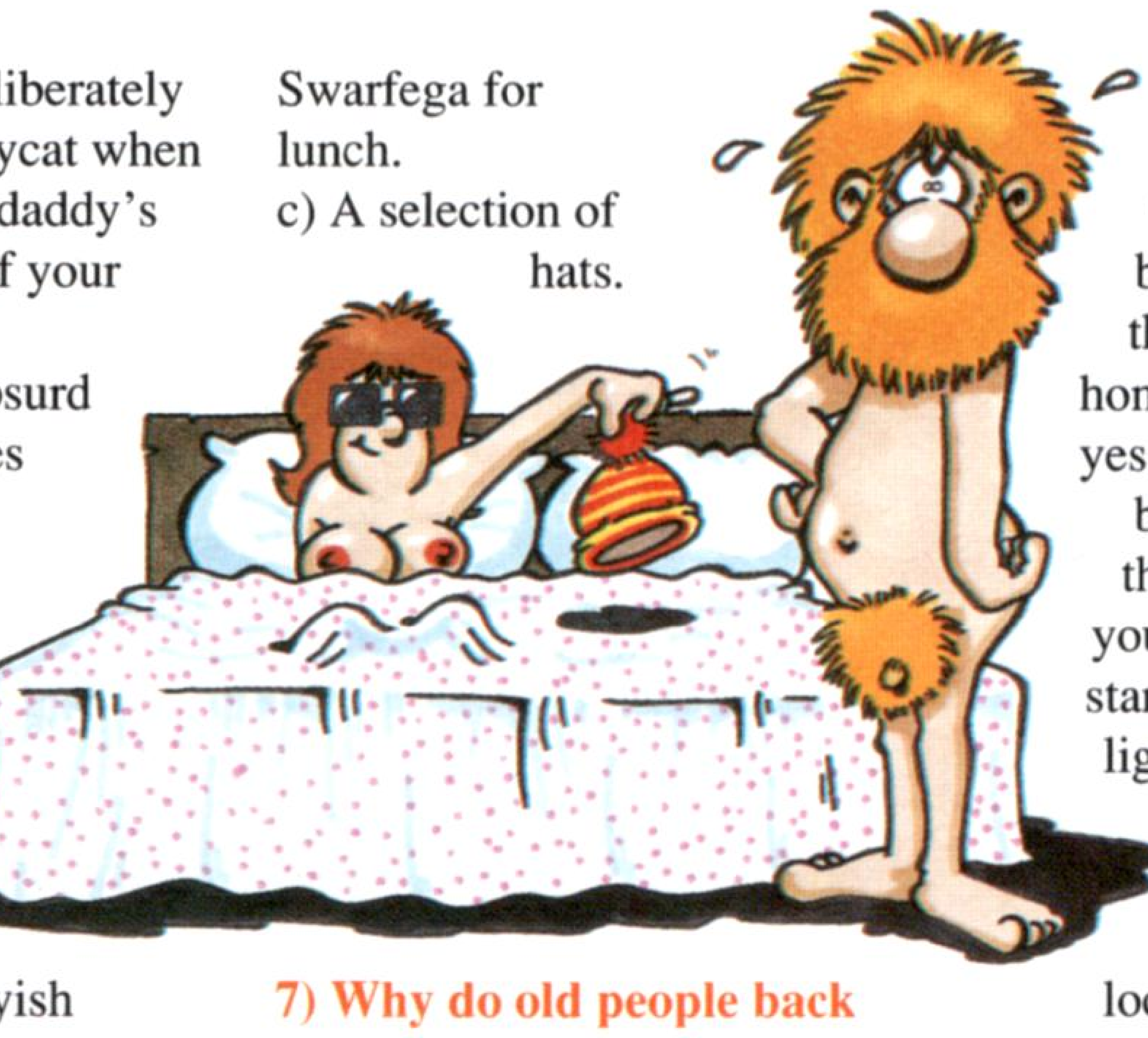
c) Because they think you've got a small red setter on your head.

3) Why do small children cry when they see you?

a) Because it has just dawned on them that they will never be able to emulate your huge star status, good looks and all that.

b) Because you deliberately ran over their pussycat when you reversed their daddy's car at 80mph out of your garage.

c) Because your absurd Outspan mop scares them.



4) Do you find it easy to go out with girls?

a) You betcha! The chicks can't get enough of your boyish charm and good looks, not to mention your flash XR3i and that stylish Burtons suit.

b) Of course! Birds love a man that can only talk about induction valves, aluminium cylinder heads and twin overhead camshafts.

c) Er, no, not really. They normally spray their drink out laughing when you ask them for a date.

5) What would your ideal woman be like?

a) A grateful fan with big tits who is easily impressed by the fact you've been the grubby husband in two washing powder adverts and drink lager in nightclubs.

b) She'd be fast and racy and giggles every time you wheelspin away from the traffic lights.

c) Blind.

6) If a woman bought you some surprise presents, what would they be?

a) A silver picture frame (so that you can put the photo of you with Syd Little in it), a two page feature in Hello! magazine and a walk-on part in Casualty.

b) A new socket set, a pack of fags and a pint of Swarfega for lunch.

c) A selection of hats.

7) Why do old people back away from you saying, "people like you should be locked up"?

a) Isn't it obvious? You're so sexy that you're a danger to shipping, and the only way you're not going to make other men jealous of your good looks and big dick is to be put away out of sight. But then they'd only miss you.

b) Because you've pulled a fast one on every old dear in your town. Bloody hell... £250 is cheap for changing a wiper blade on an Allegro. I should be paid danger money for even going near one of those fucking things.

c) Because your Belisha Beacon hair colouring interferes with their pacemakers and scares their cats.

8) Do you find it easy to talk to girls at parties?

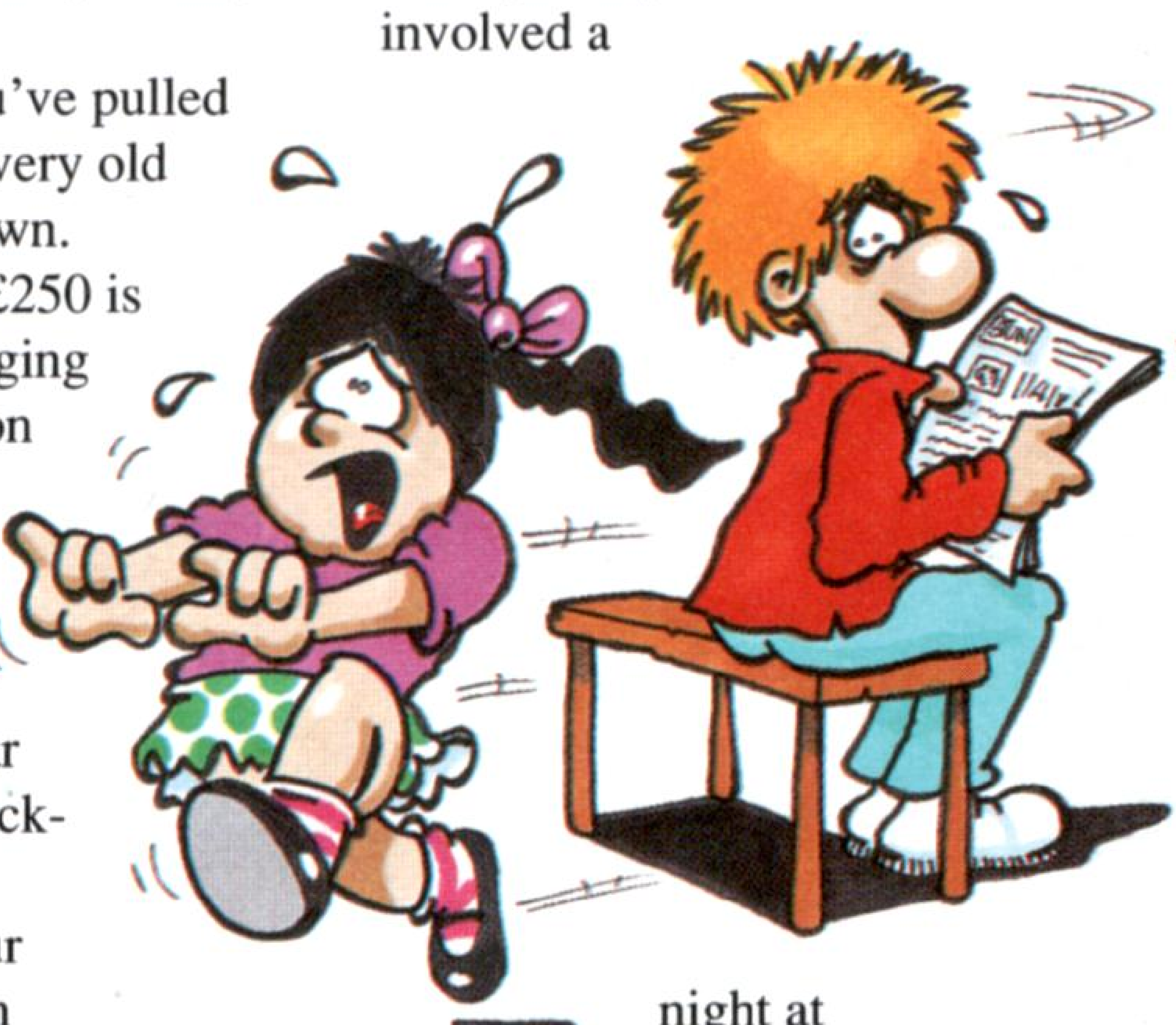
a) Easy? You can't keep them away! They swarm around you, giggling and tearing at your clothes as you sign their boobs with a felt tip pen.

b) Well, as long as they want a lift home in your motor, yes. Then you can bore the arse off them by revving your engine constantly at traffic lights and doing handbrake turns in the car park of your local Sainsbury's.

c) Once their eyes have become accustomed to your hair, it's comparatively easy to talk to them – although getting them to say anything back is another thing.

9) What's the sexiest thing you've ever done?

a) Really couldn't tell you. Let's just say it involved a night at Stringfellows, two bubbly blondes, a bag of peanuts and an offer to open a supermarket in Brent for £100.



b) Put a mattress in the back of your van.

c) Ummm, went to Alton Towers once in a pair of new corduroys, although the guards did ask you to

Probe

This month Dr Nancy Boy investigates the scandal of the decade: a horror many of us conceal in our larders...

This month we pop on the kettle, peel back the tin foil and delve, fork first, into that steaming mound of reconstituted string, commonly known as a Pot Noodle.

These are available in a variety of flavours that are only distinguishable by the different colour of the pot itself.

But what we want to know is – who buys them? I mean, how often have you seen one in a shopping basket at the supermarket? Or been in the queue at the corner shop only to hear the person in front whisper, "Oh, and a Beef and Tomato Pot Noodle, please"? Exactly...

And what's more confusing is how come we've all had one in our cupboard only discovered after staggering home from the pub pissed as a lord? They're worse than bloody kebabs.

I believe the only possible explanation is that Pot Noodle reps break into our homes in the dead of night and plant a Chicken and Mushroom one in our cupboards, so that we'll all become duped into buying them on a regular basis. It's a conspiracy, without a doubt. And have you seen the amount of 'E' numbers in the bloody things? I bet we're being brainwashed into buying them! Drugged, wide-eyed members of the public staggering into supermarkets like zombies and filling their trolleys with the sodding things... now, it all makes sense! And the tin foil tops are used by aliens to tune into our thoughts so they can infiltrate us!

Golden Wonder
Pot Noodle
CHICKEN & MUSHROOM
FLAVOUR
NO ARTIFICIAL COLOURS OR PRESERVATIVES

And the money that we pay for them just goes into developing even more putrid varieties... Pot Rice, Pot Fish, Pot Black and Pot Pourri! Gnash, gnarl, gibber, gibber...

(At this point the doctor was dragged off by the men in white coats into the back of their ice cream van, where they do things with chocolate flakes that would make a navvy weep.)

Next month: The Austin Allegro. We ask, just what were British Leyland on in the 70s? ♣

remove your head before coming in.

10) Is there a pretty good cause for you joining the Foreign Legion?
a) Only if you didn’t get the Wash and Go contract with Yorkshire Television.
b) Why? Have they got a lock-up going cheap?
c) Yes, as long as you could wear a hat all day and they didn’t insist on using you for target practise.

Well, how did you do? If you’re still not sure, check your answers below before shutting the door and sitting down on your own with a loaded gun.

Mostly As: No, you are not ginger (well, you’ve dyed it if you are), but you are a crap actor. You can be seen bobbing around in the background on Coronation Street and you’ve probably played a credit card fraudster on Crimewatch UK. Your heroes are Chris Quentin and Big Ron off Eastenders. Five years at RADA and all you’ve done is supped a pint in the background during a bar scene in Inspector Morse. And when you go back home your parents think you really are something special. Which, of course, you’re not.

Mostly Bs: Nope, not a ginger, but you are a mechanic. You dress in oily blue overalls and Doc Martens and spend your days shaking your head saying, “By Tuesday? ’Cor you obviously do *not* know your motors guv! The head’ll have to come off, then there’s labour etc etc.” You have posters of naked women in your grubby offices, never wash the teacups and the ashtray is a hubcap. Still at least you didn’t answer...

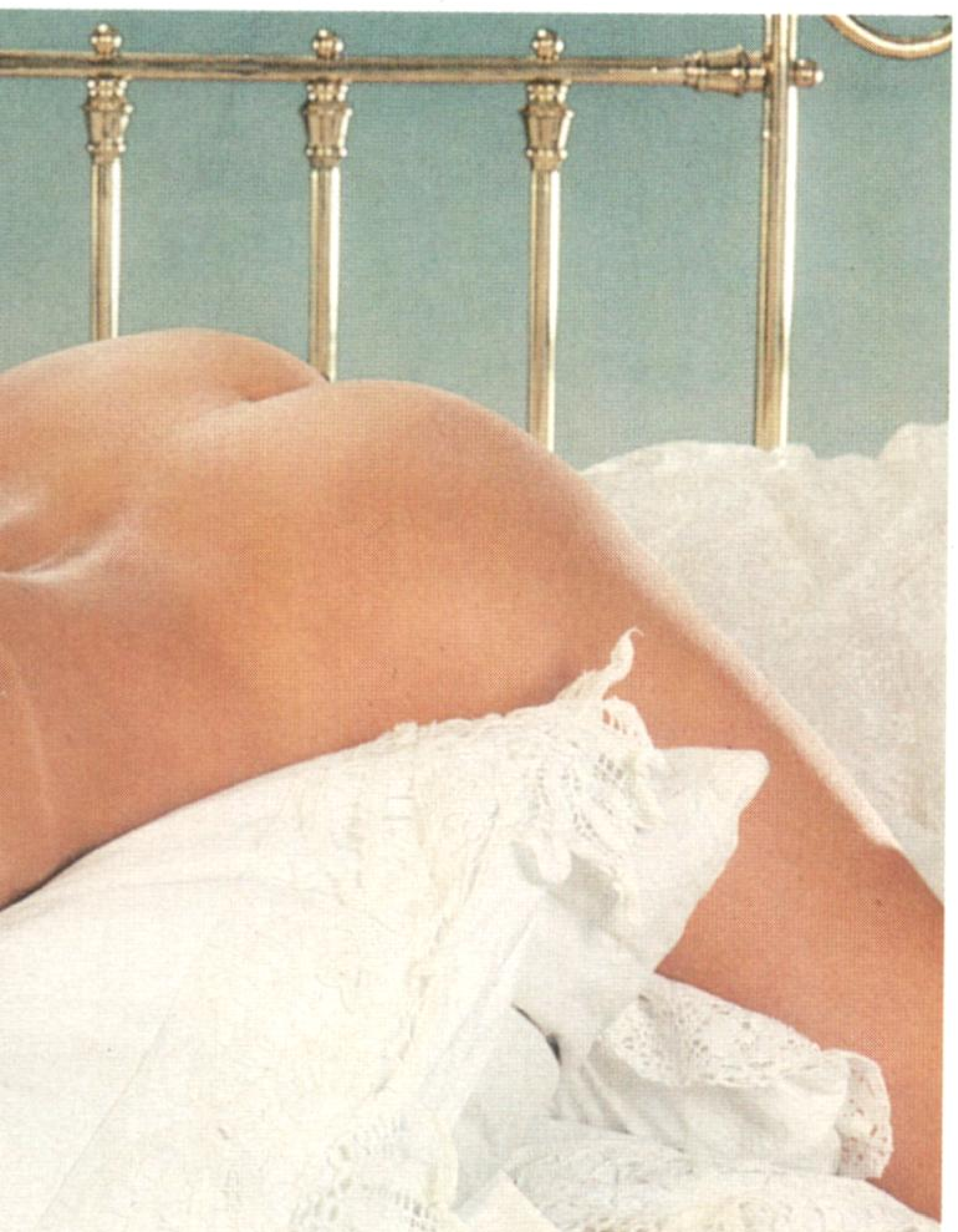
Mostly Cs: Hello, Mr Duracell! Yup, thanks to the wonders of modern science – and the fact that everyone laughs at you in the street – you can now rest assured that you are ginger. It’s not really good enough to say it’s all in your genes (there are such things as razors) while the rest of us have to put up with passive gingering. Many effective hair dyes are now on the market, so may I recommend that you go out and get some of those before someone quite nice and reasonable like me snaps and punches your fucking lights out. ♣

elizabeth

Photographs by Jack Harrison

Here's a teaser for you. What's purple and lucky? Answer: the clingy basque that lovely Elizabeth has got on! We all think we're doing pretty well having a job here at Club, but that one-piece takes the biscuit.

"Well, do you mind if I take it off?" grins the naughty 19-year-old art student from Greenwich. No no no no, we cried as one. "I know it flatters my figure by clinging so tightly to my curves – it's a good thing for me you fellas like real women with squeezable



bums and full boobs, not these skinny, waif types! It feels wonderful to wear too – so soft between my legs!

"It's just that I can only feel really, really sexy when I can give my boobs an airing and show my pussy off."

Well it's funny you say that, Elizabeth, but so can an awful lot of our readers! ♣

Catherine Zeta Jones

Is Catherine Zeta Jones really the archetypal English rose? *Rusty Blatt* doesn't think so, and discovers the devil in Miss Jones...

"Oh, God... yes. That was definitely a low point in my life," recalls voluptuous vamp Catherine Zeta Jones of an episode in her past she'd like to forget. Her source of embarrassment is a pre-Darling Buds Of May fashion shoot she did for a newspaper when she was still treading the boards on the West End stage. In it she's wearing a short suede dress with tassles and a pair of calf-length boots adorned with a cluster of feathers. "Horrible, horrible," she recoils at the memory of the offending outfit.

Thankfully, these days her styling is a little more upmarket and sexy and she is desperate to shake off the rather wholesome, country bumpkin image that Darling Buds saddled her with.

Photos of her sunbathing topless in the South of France have gone some way to raunch up her image, not to mention stiffen our, erm, resolve here at Club.

'I'd love to get my teeth into a part like Basic Instinct'

"They called me Catherine Streaker Jones," she chuckles, insisting that she was anything but annoyed about having her delightful darling buds splashed across a national newspaper. "I wasn't embarrassed. It was just a little voyeuristic, that's all," she says of the incident. "I was followed around and spied on. Now if the photographer had come up to me and asked if he could take my picture, then I would have said yes."

She's not as shy as she appears and has great admiration for women like beaver-baring Sharon Stone. "She's hugely sexy on screen. Hugely sexy," she enthuses of Hollywood's number one husband stealer. "I'd love to vamp it up on screen. I'd have loved to have got my teeth into a part like Basic Instinct."

And what of the no-knickers scene in the film? Was Catherine not put off by that?

"It didn't shock me. It's just this great character. She was sitting there making all those men hotter and hotter... it was manipulation. She was so strong. You knew she was naked and you're sitting there thinking, 'Oh, my God, she's opened her legs'. And that was it. It was a bit like watching a woman swimming in the sea and then she stands up and you think, 'Oh, my God, she's naked'."

In fact, Catherine's first venture onto celluloid saw her doing just that in a French film called Scheherezade. In typical French film style it's not long before we see a rather wet-looking Miss Zeta Jones emerging from the sea with nothing but a smile and some seaweed to hide her blushes.

Unfortunately, her own route to Hollywood may have been scuppered for the time being. Her second film, Columbus: The Discovery, sunk quicker than a ten ton turd, and Splitting Heirs with Eric Idle and John Cleese is an even bigger doggie doo. Consequently, despite being a sexpot who we'd give a job to any day, she is slightly cautious about heading for America just yet.

"I wouldn't go out there unless it was on the back of something. I mean I would just be another pretty girl amongst hordes of others. I'm not stupid."

Home for the moment is South West London where she still has moments of self-doubt and worry that the bubble might burst. But there's always her singing for Catherine to fall back on, and she goes gently apeshit when the name of shaggable chanteuse Cher is mentioned.

"I love her. I've watched her sing and I love what comes out of her mouth," gasps Catherine Zeta, panting like something's just gone into hers. "It's not exactly dirty, but she's just, well, Cher, really. She's brilliant. I watched her live once and she was incredible," she gushes, adding that she might consider some Cher-type plastic surgery if things started to sag in years to come. "There's nothing wrong with it. If in 25 years time I needed something doing to make me look better, I would. As long as you don't end up looking like Michael Jackson."

And would Catherine consider wearing some of the bum-baring stage gear that Cher is renowned for?

"Oh, yes! But I'd have to starve myself for about 20 years first," she laughs.

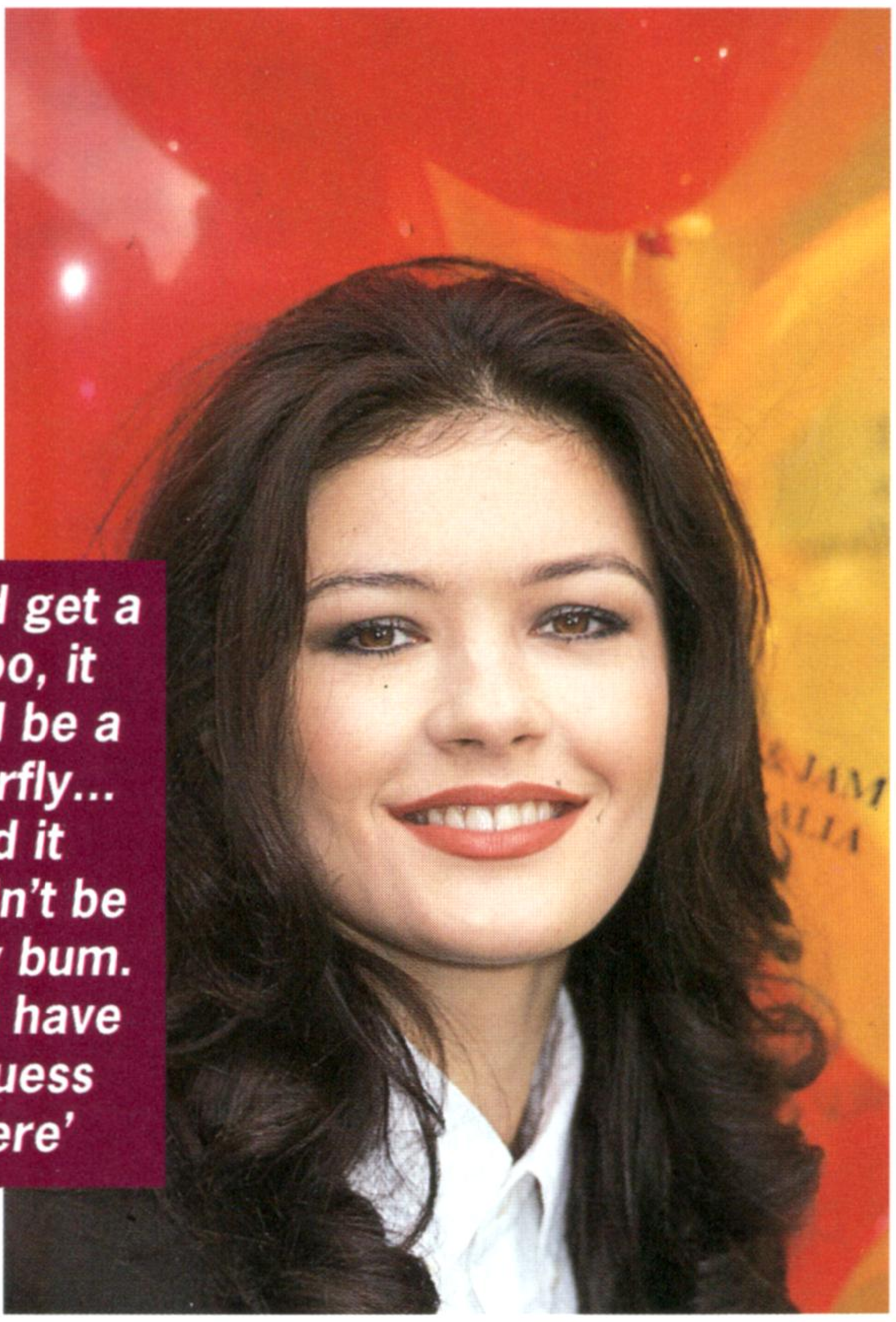
And would she have a tattoo on her backside, a la Cher?

"How do you know I don't have one already?" she asks suggestively.

Well, we don't actually. But, believe us, we would be more than willing to investigate further.

"And if I did decide to have one, it would be a tattoo of a butterfly... and it wouldn't be on my bum," she adds, somewhat mischievously.

Where would it be then,



'If I did get a tattoo, it would be a butterfly... and it wouldn't be on my bum. You'll have to guess where'

PLANET HOLLYWOOD

On boyfriend 'Big John': 'He's bloody big... he's huge!'

we ask?

"I'm not telling you," she laughs naughtily. "You'll have to guess."

One person who would probably be able to tell us would be her boyfriend, John Leslie; Catherine has christened him Big John, for reasons which she is quick to explain.

"Because he's bloody big, that's why," she rasps. "He's huge."

Well lucky old him. Going out with Catherine Zeta Jones and in possession of something massive in the sausage department. Bastard.

Apart from Big John, she has plenty to keep her busy. There's her role as a smooth double agent in George Lucas' Young Indiana Jones Chronicles, which she's just finished making. "It was action-packed. I was running along with a handgun, with explosions going off everywhere. The sort of stuff I haven't done before."

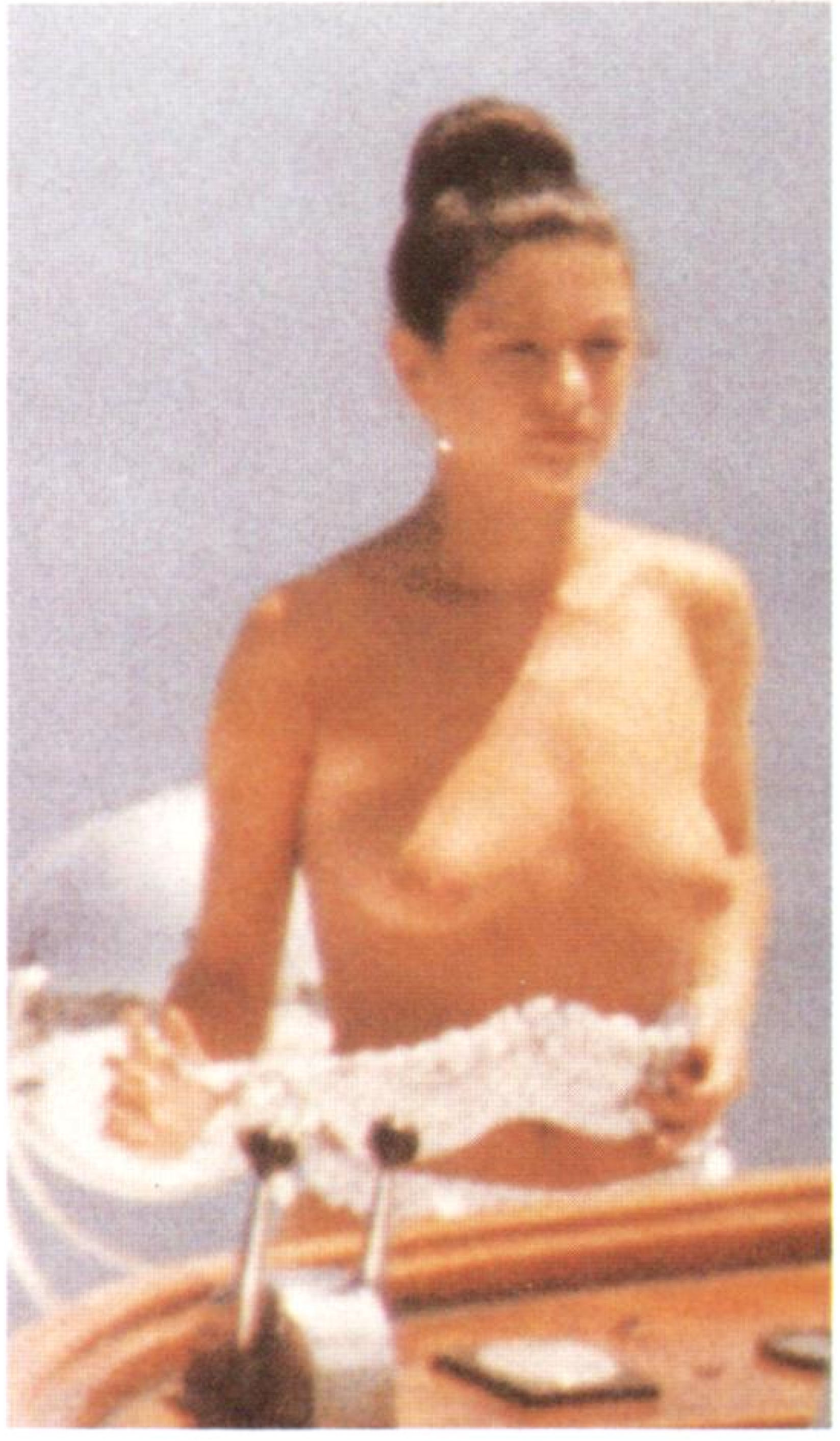
And what was she wearing for that?

"Oh, just a sheet..."

How glamorous. Still, Catherine's found that she can make other use of her celebrity status.

"I once happened to mention on a television show that I needed the front of my house painted," she recalls with a giggle. "The next thing I know someone had come around and done it for me for free!"

Well any time you want your bathroom tiled, Catherine, give us a call at Club. We'll be round like a shot. ♣



That famous photo of Catherine's darling buds...

Frank Speaking

Yorkshire's plain talking agony uncle gives it to you straight from t'shoulder. An' no muckin' abaht, you soft get...

Dear Frank,
Someone who fears large spaces is agoraphobic. Someone who is frightened of spiders is arachnaphobic. I am frightened of large spiders. What does that make me?
Julie, West Drayton
A daft twat.

Dear Frank,
I am sixteen years old. I have bad facial acne and greasy hair. This makes me very self-conscious. Is there anything I can do to alleviate these problems?
Wilf, Scarborough
You can take care of 'em both in one go. By sawing your bloody head off, you big Jessie.

Dear Frank,
My husband has just turned fifty and has recently started to make increasingly unusual sexual demands. Last night, for example, he insisted I dressed up as Emperor Hirohito and tickled his testicles with a damp lettuce. Is there some explanation?
Alice, Hatfield
Aye, luv. He's a right mucky bastard.

Dear Frank,
I am 34 years of age and still a virgin. No matter what happens I can just never seem to meet Mr Right. Any suggestions?
Ermintrude, Crawley
How about plastic surgery? And get silicone implants while you're at it, luv – I've seen bigger lumps on a sparrow's kneecaps.

Dear Frank,
Last month my wife left me, I was made redundant and my house was repossessed. I have begun to feel nauseous, I can't sleep and I am gripped by irrational panic attacks. What is the matter with me?
Norman, London
You're completely mad.

Have you got a problem? Then why not drop a line to Frank? Or you could just call yourself a stupid cunt and save the price of a stamp... ♣

WIN! WIN! WIN!

A night of Sticky Fingers with your girl...

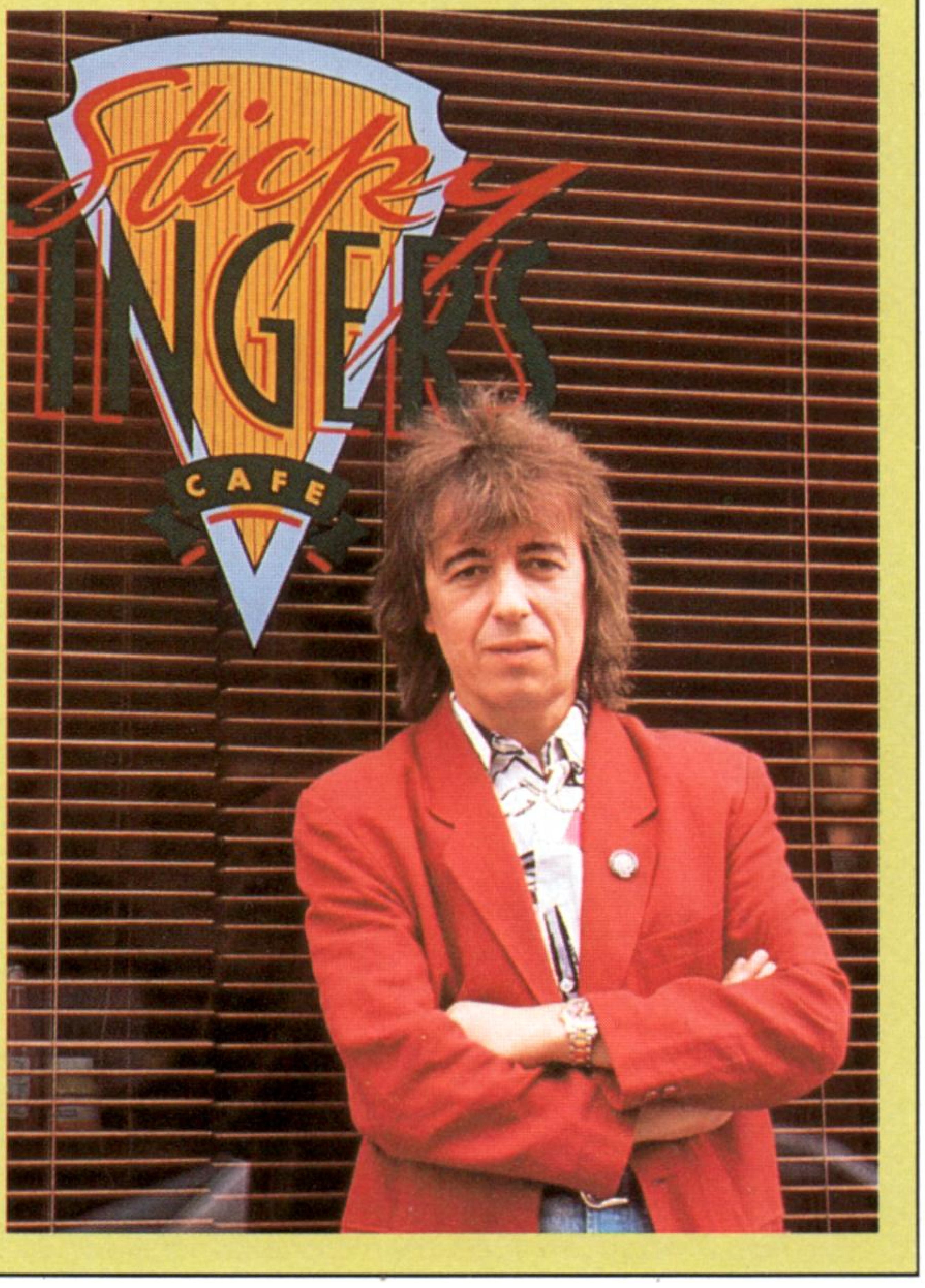
Bill Wyman's cafe, Sticky Fingers, is four years old (Another year and he'll probably marry it! Ha-ha! – The Ed) and is crammed to the rafters with Rolling Stones memorabilia. Photos, gold discs, Brian Jones' guitar (now completely dried off) are all hanging from the walls. And the food isn't bad either. Steaks, burgers, ribs and fish are all available in quantities that even Mandy Smith couldn't cope with.

Now, normally you'd have to queue in the pissing rain and then pay a good deal for an evening at Sticky Fingers, but you could win a night there with 'a close personal friend' by simply answering the question below. Then if your card is chosen from the thousands we expect to receive from people wanting to eat a burger surrounded by bits from Bill's attic, you'll win the night out – completely free!

And the question is: Sticky Fingers was the name of the Rolling Stones'... a) Record label, b) Successful album or c) Most common medical complaint?

Send your answers to Sticky Fingers, Club, 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HF.

Friends and relatives of Bill Wyman are ineligible to enter (on the grounds that they're probably too young!) ♣



BOTTLED IN MEXICO

Bad haircuts, foul tactics and a duck when it comes to scoring. No, it's not the Club editorial team, but a look at the world of sport with **Maurice Short**...

What's the most terrifying thing in the world of sport? A Terry Hurlock tackle? A Tyson hook? Stephen Hendry's Biactol bill? Sadly not. It seems that the most feared phenomenon amongst athletes is the dreaded 'Curse of Short'...

Yes, apparently whenever your humble correspondent takes time out from bashing the bumbling bastards who constitute the majority of our sporting establishment and offers a little praise, the recipient is as likely to tumble as Peter Schmiechel is when an opponent shakes a fist at him.

The most recent victim of this hideous spell was 'the much under-rated Paul Hodgkinson', who lost his title virtually the same day my views on him were printed. Then, of course, there was Brian Clough. Offered up as the only man fit to manage England, he promptly took his team to the foot of the table (and himself under it, if rumours are to be believed).

If I will ever be freed from this terrible power remains a mystery. In the meantime, suffice it to say that I think Graham Taylor is doing a terrific job and should stay on as England boss for the next ten years. And as for Jimmy Hill – why the BBC don't give him his own twice-weekly soccer show is beyond me. (There. That should sink the buggers!)

● A special cricket award ought to be presented to Yorkshire's Mark Robinson at the end of the season. The former Northants seamer is the most unfortunate rabbit since the one Glenn Close bunged in the steamer in Fatal Attraction. He once managed 12 consecutive innings without scoring – smashing the previous record of nine set by wicket keeper Nobby Clarke before the War. Yet in the Tykes' game with Essex, Robinson putting the good of the team ahead of his own reputation, came out and hit two sixes. This masterful effort greatly boosted his career average – all the way up to 2.71, in fact. Obviously Robinson has yet to be tested at the highest level, but I feel an international call-up this summer could see England finally produce a player with the potential to rival the great B.S. Chandrasekhar of India – a man who had more trouble with bats than Van Helsing. Indian women still refer to a lover as 'a bit of a Chandra' if he fails to stay in the crease for more than a few seconds.

***Valderrama**: Blond afro*

***Enzo Francescoli**: Footloose and fancy free*

● Whilst British sports fans rejoice to the sound of leather on willow, across the Atlantic in Ecuador it's the noise of leather on bone that's keeping them entertained. The South American Football Championship reaches its finale this month and, if previous tournaments are anything to go by, that should mean soccer which combines silky skills with the kind of high kicking that hasn't been seen since Bruce Lee hung up his naginata. A perfect summary of the South American approach to soccer was provided in the last Championships when Enzo Francescoli, a footloose Uruguayan, tangoed through a mincing-machine of flying Chilean boots, before finally being brought down by a centre-half who appeared to be attempting the world's first bi-pedal circumcision on a moving target. Remarkably, Francescoli jumped back to his feet, pushed the chap who had just attempted to remove his foreskin to the ground and stamped on his chest. He was promptly sent off. His assailant got off with a stiff talking-to from the ref.

● Despite (or maybe because of) the violence, South American football has always exercised a particularly romantic fascination. Where else could you find team names as resonant as Always Ready, The Strongest, All Boys (Argentina) or O'Higgins FC (Chile)?

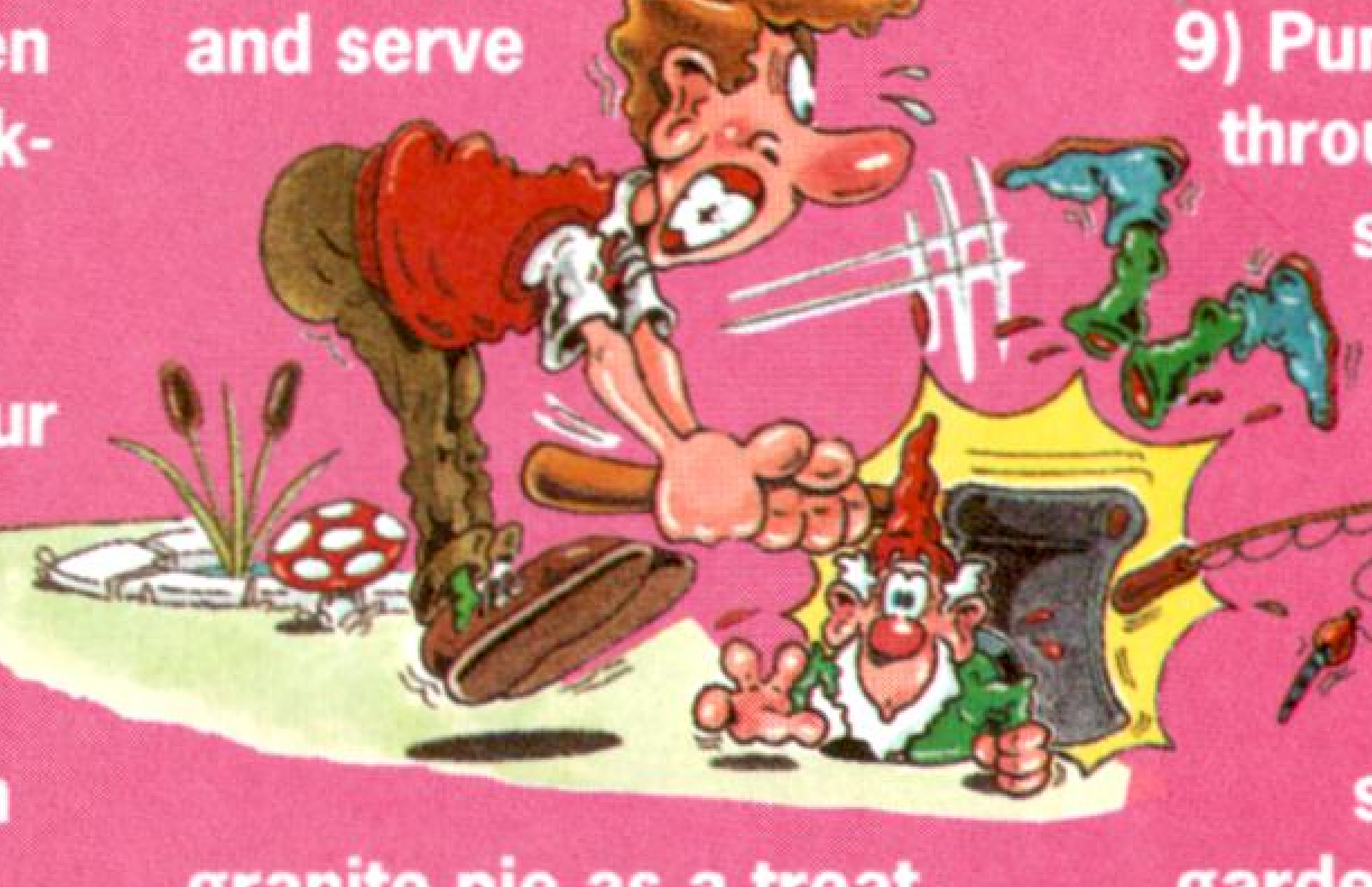
And if the naming of clubs wasn't enough to satisfy their poetic natures, South Americans are great ones for flowery sobriquets. For example, Real Madrid's brilliant Argentinian, Alfredo Di Stefano was known in his native land

***Diego Maradona**: Touched by the hand of God?*

THE POINTLESS BIT

Summer's here! So go out into the garden, undo your flies, prune a ladder and tell your compost to do the following...

1) Replace your lawnmower blades with copies of The Beano.
2) Pour molten lead into your window boxes, then watch them drop off taking half your stone-cladding with them.
3) Swap the door to your shed with Barry from Brookside.
4) Put a load of earth in a vase, then put it on your dinner table to impress guests.
5) Bury all your shovels – just like Little & Large would do.
6) Invite your rockery in for dinner, and serve granite pie as a treat.
7) Break all the legs off your garden gnomes.
8) Pour bicarbonate of soda into your pond, just to teach your goldfish a lesson.
9) Pump bright red paint through your water sprinkler, then roll around on the lawn yelling, "Get me a medic... I've been hit!"
10) Retire, then spend every minute gardening in brown corduroys and get quite serious about it. ♣



firstly as The Golden Arrow and then, when his blond locks fell out, The Divine Bald One. I'm not sure what they called Diego Maradona, but my guess is that the words 'fucking', 'cheating' and 'prick' don't figure in it. On a more prosaic note, the Argies fielded a player called Ponce in the 1986 finals – a name that must rank alongside Ufarte (Spain) and Kuntz (Germany) as the most embarrassing in international football. (Incidentally, I recently unearthed an interview with a South American player conducted just before the Mexico World Cup. In it he says, "It will be a good tournament if the referees take a firm hand and the cynical players are curbed" and he goes on to name his pet hate as "cheats" and says that the thing he likes best is "sincerity". Can you guess who that sporting chap was, readers? Here's a clue: his name begins with an M and he features in this column).

But though names are often a source of inspiration to the South Americans, they can be a handicap too. Cayetano Re, the manager of Paraguay in 1986, was ordered from the touchline during a game. In a fit of almost Faldoesque paranoia he promptly told the press, "I would have been treated with greater respect had my surname been longer!"

While other nations worry about names, the Colombians have more important things on their minds – their hair. The players from the land of The Real Thing seem to be locked in a competition to see who can sculpt the most elaborate barnet. Despite a fierce challenge from keeper Rene Higuita, the Diana Ross of the penalty box, the winner for the past ten years has undoubtedly been Carlos Valderrama. The like of his blond afro has not been seen since The Hair Bear Bunch.

Compared to its European equivalent, the South American Championship offers up a fiesta of fouls, a surfeit of skill and a bonanza of bouffants. And besides, it also affords another chance to hear one of the classic chants of world football: 'Arriba, abajo, arriba! Peru alamajo!' ('Up, down, up! Peru, fucking hell!') Poetry. It's in their blood. ♣

donna
Photographs by Scott Evans

The latest beauty to join the very select Club Blonde Beauty Brigade is the dazzling Donna who looks like she enjoys getting it out in the open!

"I do! As soon as I get away from the city and into the country I can't help but let my hair down, kick off my shoes and undo a few buttons. Problem is knowing when to stop!"

Ah! So that's what they mean by an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty! ♣

PACKAGE HOLIDAYS

Is there a sure-fire way of getting your balls wet on holiday this summer? There is if you follow **Madge Yorker's** simple guide! And, hey, send us a postcard!

Summer's here! Well, it might not be any warmer and the sun isn't out, but Wimbledon's on the telly and they're selling Cornettos at the newsagents; so we can pretend, can't we?

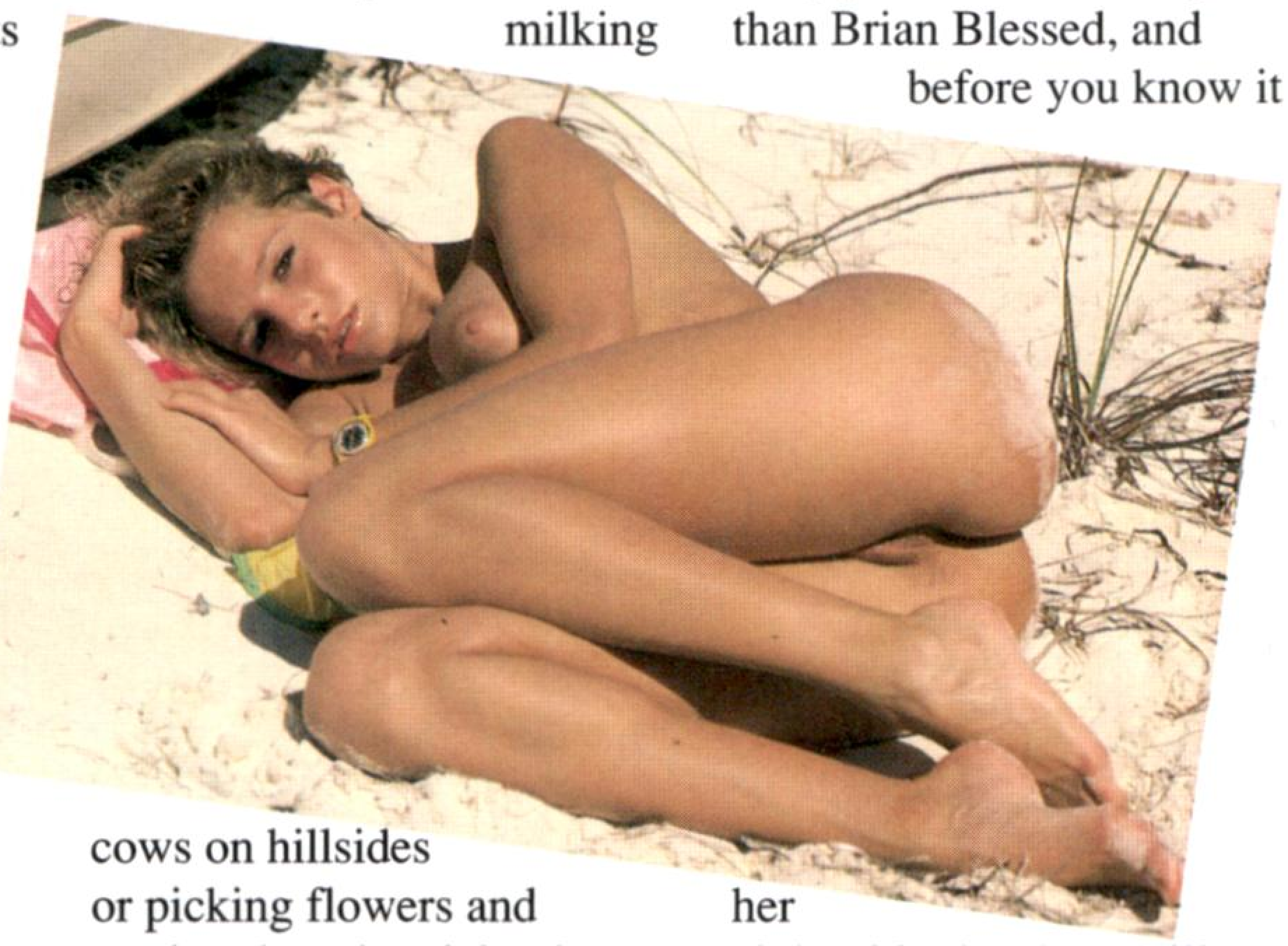
No doubt you'll all go abroad again this year. Why-oh-why, I'll never know. Remember last year, do you? You burnt your back to a crisp as soon as you stepped off the plane and then spent the whole week on the bog with an upset tummy... and you still want to go back. You never learn, do you?

So to avoid that nonsense all over again, carefully study the following list, designed to make your holiday go just a little bit smoother. Mind you, if you choose to ignore the delights of Torquay, then we've got no sympathy for you at all. Still, here we go...

Places To Go (Yes, apart from the bar...)

- Somewhere that costs at least £50 to fly to, otherwise it won't actually be built yet, you tight git.
- 1 Anywhere nice and hot with lots of birds (i.e. not a canal holiday in Belgium).
- A place where there's a nudist colony (just don't forget to pack those mirrored shades).
- A place of historic interest with lots of ruins; because there'll be loads of classy women with glasses.
- The local discotheque, even though all the music will be at least two years out of date and you'll have to drink Ouzaki, or something else with a silly name.
- The hotel swimming pool, just in case someone asks you to rub suntan lotion all over their inner thighs... but make sure that it's a woman first.
- Any cafe with a balcony, so that you can get a bird's-eye view of those busty, scantily-clad girls skipping down to the beach.

- A quaint local bar where you can get completely plastered for a tenth of the price... but you'll probably feel ten times as sick in the morning.
- The countryside where you will invariably meet buxom local girls either milking cows on hillsides or picking flowers and putting them in wicker baskets.

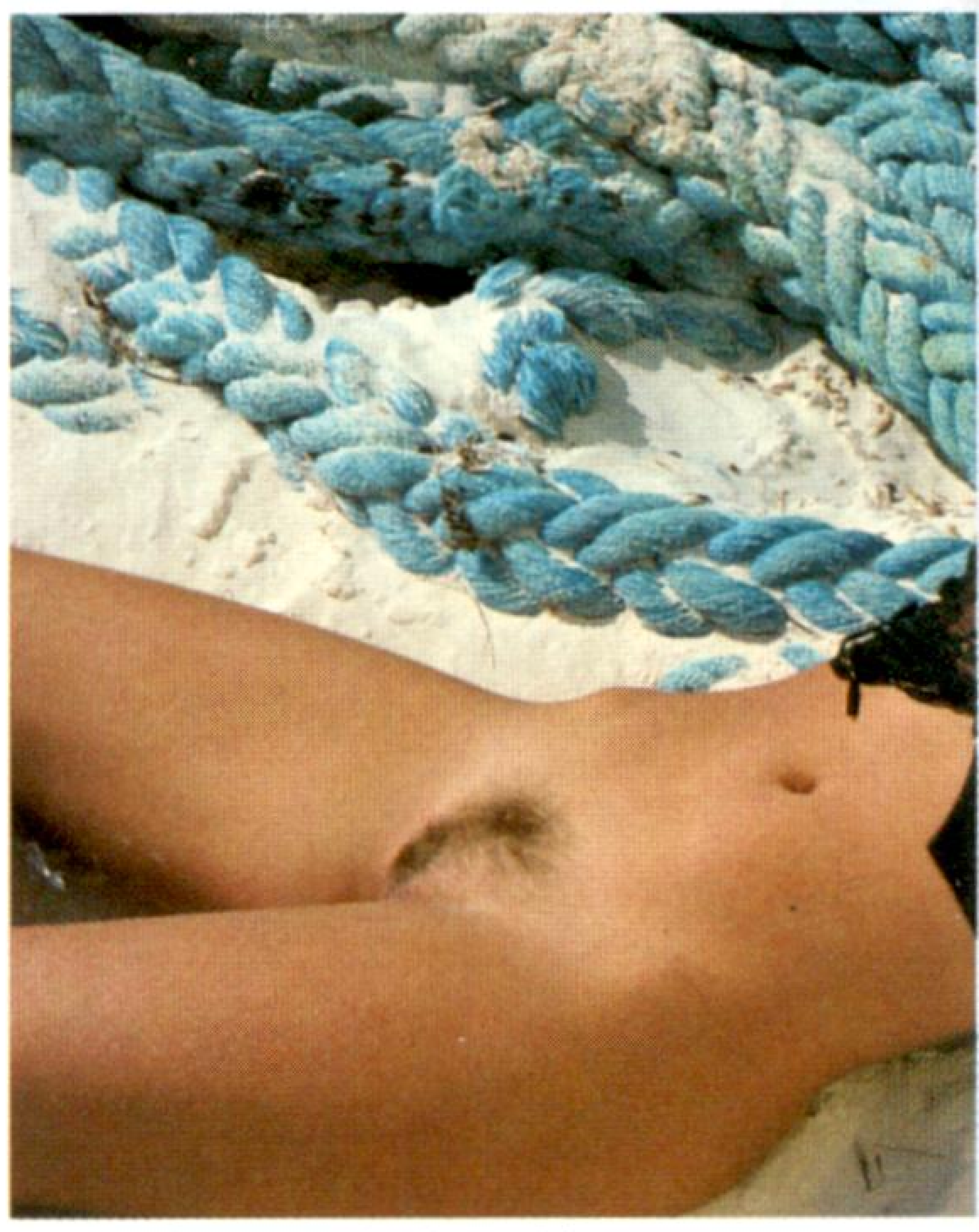


Places To Avoid

- Wales.
- Any foreign police station, where their idea of humour is not to understand your 'Eeengerlish', before banging you up for the night.
- The clap clinic.
- That 'boys only' disco called The Pink Toothbrush opposite your hotel.
- Any of the places featured in The Godfather films. Your eyes mistakenly meet those of an eighteen-stone women with a shuffling gait and hairier legs than Brian Blessed, and before you know it her eight older brothers will insist on marching you down the aisle – in concrete boots if necessary.
- Wales.
- The Army Training School.
- Your local library.
- Oh, and Wales

Things To Say

- "A girlfriend, me? Of course not. That's my sister." (Essential, really)
- "It's my first time too." (Learn and then memorise this in at least three different languages)
- "You don't have any older brothers, do you?" (Very important – especially if she's Greek)
- "The light from the water seems to make your eyes sparkle like emeralds in a sea of velvet." (Say this even if she's wearing bifocals and looks like Marti Feldman – flattery will get you everywhere)



- "I think it's important to sample the local culture. In fact, I spent my day at the ancient monastery and I even sampled the monk's home-made honey mead..." (Truth is you've been sup-

BYE BYE BABY...

A Highly Contrived Double Video Comp

Yes, it's your chance to win two tenuously connected videos. The two tapes we've cobbled together for a cheap laugh are Je T'aime Moi Non Plus (I Love You No More, according to our CSE French) starring Jane Birkin who got her tits out once in another film we can't remember the name of, and Divorce (Everything You Need To Know And Never Dared Ask).

In a special Charles and Di Commemorative Double Pack, these two videos take you step-by-step through the rows, plate-throwing, screaming and legal wranglings that will wreck your life if you decide to split up with your woman. Sit back and enjoy arguments about maintenance in a fun-packed video double bill.

Yes, you're right, it does sound depressing, but the Divorce tape alone would normally cost around £26, so it's a real bargain. And it makes a great tactless present for the constantly rowing couple next door!

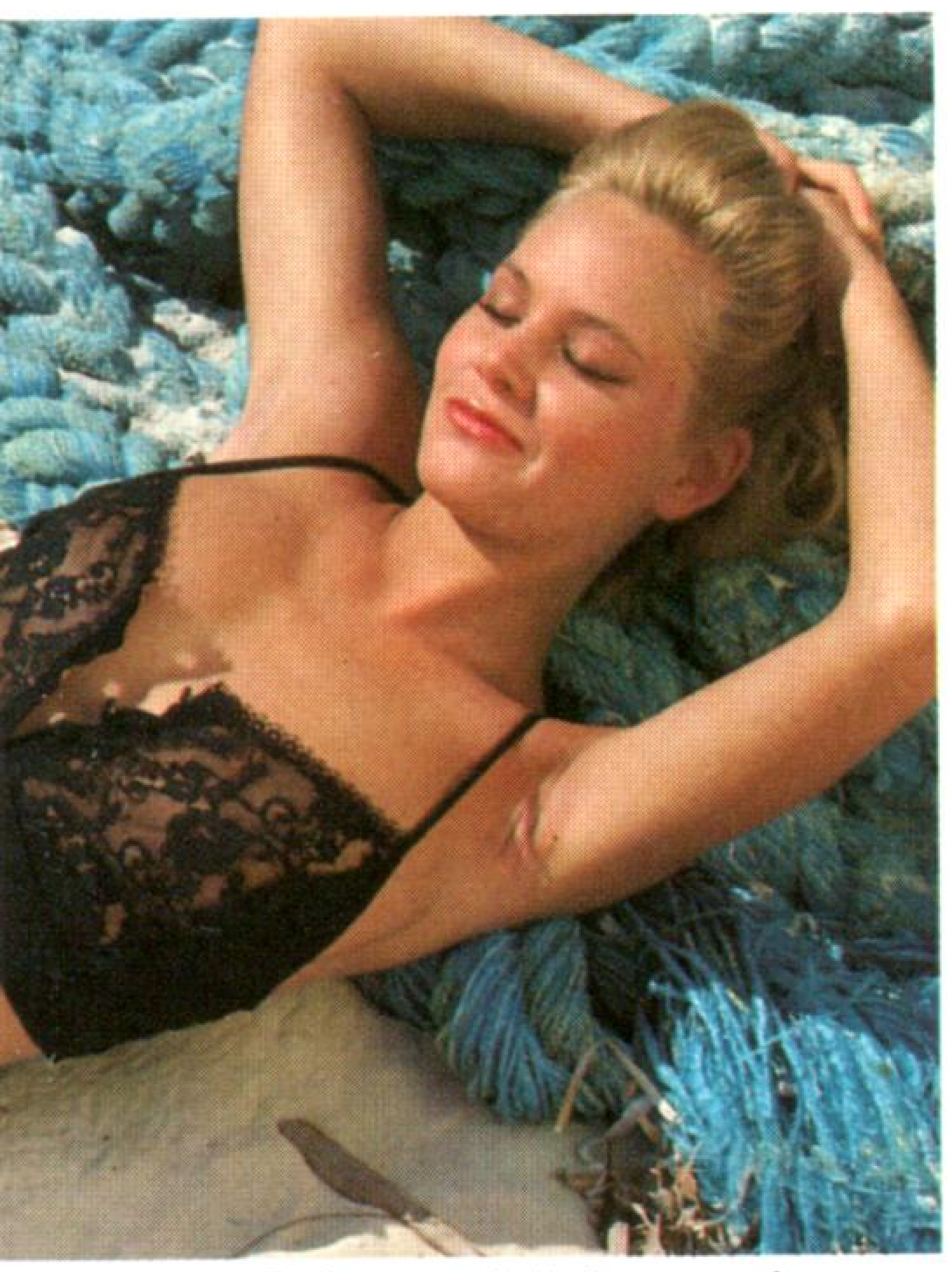
BIRKIN GAINSBOURG
JACQUES-ERIC STRAUSS presente
JANE BIRKIN
JOE DALLESANDRO
SERGE GAINSBOURG
je t'aime moi non plus
(I love you no more)
18
WESTERN CONNECTION

To win this 'Back To Doing Your Own Washing' twin tape set, simply tell us which of the following couples are still together... at the time of going to press, anyway.

a) Bill Wyman and Mandy Smith, b) Billy Connolly and Pamela Stevenson or c) Michael Winner and Jane Seymour?

Send your entries to Split Friends, Club, 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HF. Or if you can't be arsed, just send your name and address and we'll probably send you them anyway.♣

ping Newcastle Brown in the Lineker Bar since the plane hit the tarmac)
- “I’m here looking for property, actually.” (Who’s to know that you’re on a £99 two-week package deal from Thomas Cook?)
- “Actually, me and the band are recording on the other side of the island. By the way have you seen Elton? Little guy with a bad wig... you can’t miss him.” (This works particularly well with music-starved Italians who think Judas Priest and A-ha are the coolest bands on the planet)



- “Fancy a shag, love?” (Say this to a Welsh girl and you’re onto a dead cert)

Things Not To Say
- “What are you staring at then, eh?”
- “Call this a pint? I’ve tasted nicer badger’s sweat.”
- “Oi, Stavros... dos kebabos, sivooplay!”
- “What do you mean you don’t sell sticks of rock?!”
- “Have you got any sisters that are up for it?”
- “Take this greasy pile of shite away and bring me some egg and chips.”

What To Wear
- Skintight posing pouch. (Stuffed full of toilet roll, natch)
- Gold medallion. (Disco and beach only)
- A 1982 Rolling Stones ‘Crew and Personnel’ tour jacket.
- A sleeveless Hard Rock Cafe tee-shirt.
- Obscenely large wrap-around mirrored sunglasses. (Slap some of that white gunge on your nose for the ski instructor/surfer look)
- An absurdly expensive 35mm camera with a two-foot zoom lens around your neck. (Size is important. Get the biggest lens you can) ♣

jasmine

Photographs by Jack Harrison

After Jasmine bared her best busty bits for us in Vol 22 No 5 so many of you wrote in wanting to see her back, we just had to oblige!

"They don't just want to see my back though, do they?" she asked, clearly a little confused. No no no, we explained patiently, they want to see all of you back *in Club.*

"Oh I see! So they want to see my boobs, legs, bottom everything?" You got it.

"I'm with you. So do you think they'll want me to come again?"

Well, er, once would be nice... ♣

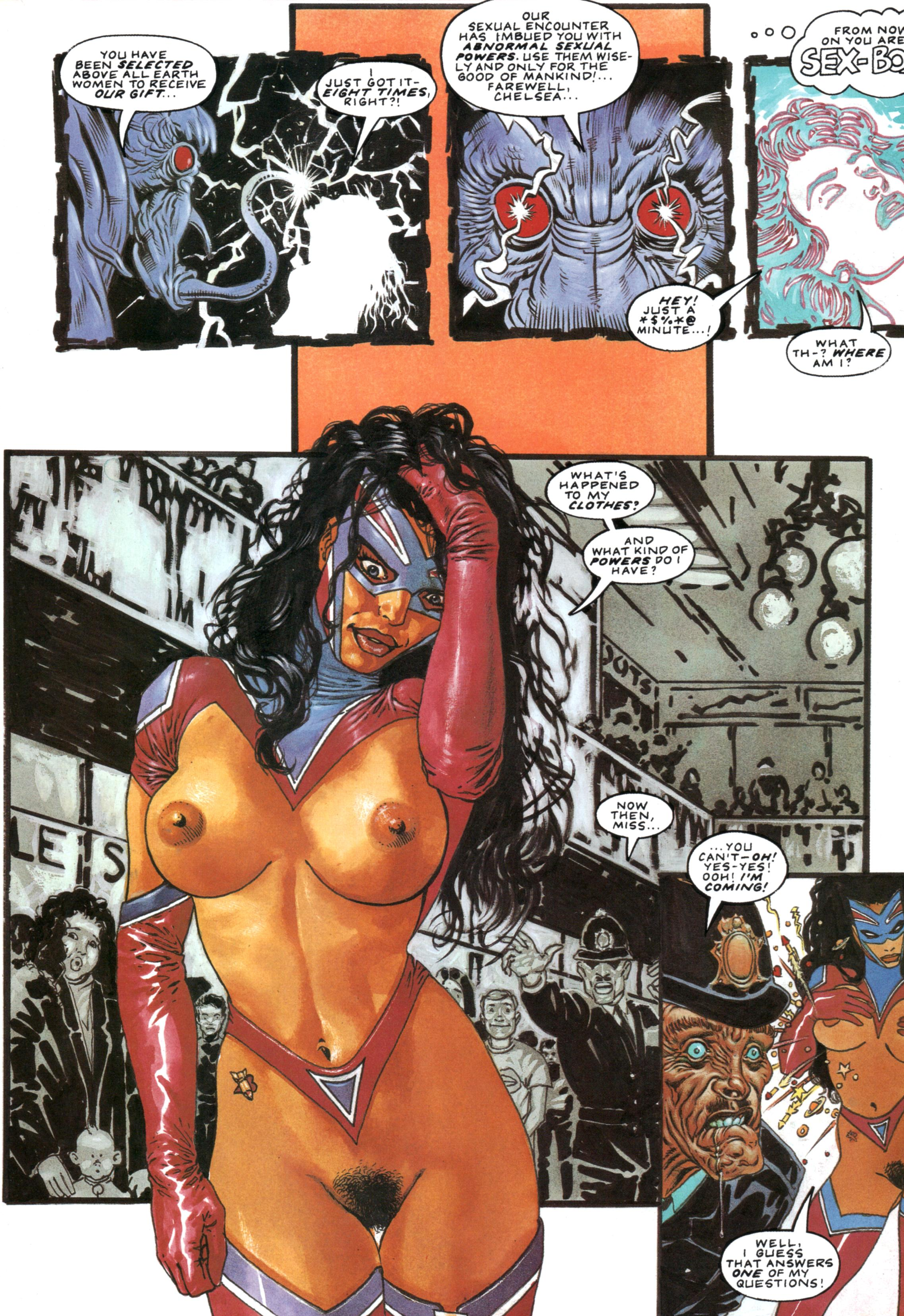
club
jasmine

SEX bomb

Blessed with amazing sexual powers, Club's new superheroine Chelsea Ash possesses special abilities when aroused. You'll believe a girl can come...

OOH! YES! YES! YES! I'M COMING!
JUST THINK- LAST NIGHT I WAS EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD CHELSEA ASH, HEAD GIRL OF ST. HEROD'S...
...BUT NOW I'M A WOMAN!
THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW, CHELSEA...
I'M NOT A MAN!
WHAT YOU'VE JUST DONE TO ME- EIGHT TIMES OVER- PROVES OTHERWISE!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, CHELSEA, I'M NOT HUMAN!
I'M AN ISION FROM THE PLANET FCKTA!
SHIT!

ART: **BILL BLUNT**
STORY: **TIM QUINN**
COLOUR: **DICKIE DEE**
LETTERS: **JANEY**


YOU HAVE BEEN SELECTED ABOVE ALL EARTH WOMEN TO RECEIVE OUR GIFT...
I JUST GOT IT- EIGHT TIMES, RIGHT?!
OUR SEXUAL ENCOUNTER HAS IMBUED YOU WITH ABNORMAL SEXUAL POWERS. USE THEM WISELY AND ONLY FOR THE GOOD OF MANKIND!... FAREWELL, CHELSEA...
HEY! JUST A *$%*@ MINUTE...!
FROM NOW ON YOU ARE... SEX-BOMB!
WHAT TH-? WHERE AM I?
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY CLOTHES?
AND WHAT KIND OF POWERS DO I HAVE?
NOW THEN, MISS...
...YOU CAN'T—OH! YES-YES! OOH! I'M COMING!
WELL, I GUESS THAT ANSWERS ONE OF MY QUESTIONS!

NEXT ISSUE: ***SEXBOMB VERSUS THE GODDESS OF SEXUALITY & MADNESS!*** BE HERE!

Photographs by Harry Linden

stella

Sitting pretty in pink is the stunning Stella who invites us into her new home in Brighton for a quick look around.

"Isn't it lovely? I've got a huge lounge for entertaining guests, a huge bedroom for entertaining very close guests and the pier down the road for them to take a long walk off

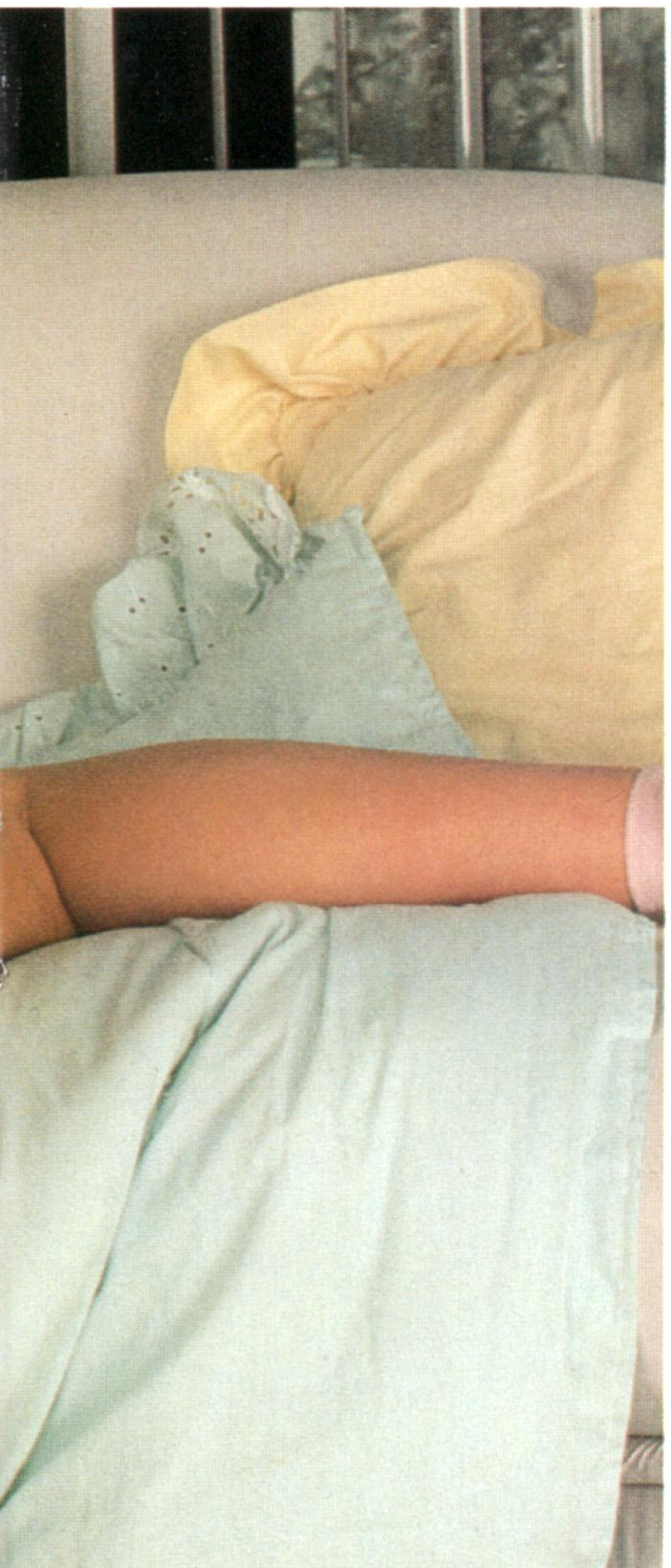
if I'm getting fed up with them!"

Everything a girl could ask for! But what about your flatmates? Aren't they jealous of living with such a sexy model?

"No, I don't think so. Although they have told me to make myself scarce if they ever bring fellas back. Apparently, they don't want me sitting there all horny in my tightest mini-dress making eyes at their

boyfriends, so I promised I wouldn't," smiles Stella naughtily.

"I'll just sit there totally starkers instead!"♣



TALKIN' BLUE

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

Pole Position

I recently read a copy of Club and got so excited by some of the letters that I decided to write and tell you about a sexy experience of mine.

My name is Nikki and I am 21 years old. I have long blonde hair and work as a model, mostly doing promotional stuff.

Just last month, I got a job with an Indy car team – you know the kind of thing, parading around the pits and hospitality tent in tiny scarlet shorts and a tight-fitting white top that really showed the shape of my 38DD breasts. The material was so fine that you could see the circles of my nipples through it. But I don't mind showing off my greatest assets!

Well, there I was, along with three other girls, doing the rounds before the race, pouring champagne for the sponsors and generally making sure that everyone was having a good time, when I came across two gorgeous fellas, guests of the team. We got talking and I discovered that the blond one was called Jeff and the dark-haired one was called Chas.

Anyway, the race start was announced and the tent emptied in seconds. I was alone, clearing up the mess, when Jeff appeared, asking if he could use the toilet aboard the race team's mobile home, a converted bus.

I said sure and showed him aboard. As he brushed past me to get into the toilet, his chest touched my tits and I found myself looking up into his deep blue eyes. That was when our lips touched and I felt his hands on my bum. Immediately my nipples hardened, and my pussy started to get wet.

I found myself stepping backwards into the tiny cubicle and suddenly yelled out, "No!"

Jeff looked at me strangely, his hopes nose-diving. I smiled and said, "In there!" and steered him towards the bedroom in the back of the bus, which was used by the two team drivers as a place to relax and get changed.

Once inside, his hands lifted my top so that my braless boobies bounced out. I heard him gasp at my two beauties and he lowered his head to give each of my nipples a big, wet kiss.

I could feel the hardness of his prick against my tummy and I pressed myself harder into his groin. He slipped my shorts off me and hooked his fingers into the elastic of my white, lacy knickers.

I was naked in seconds. I went for his fly which was really bulging by now. I unzipped it and his prick sprang out, ready for action.

I really wanted all that meat inside me but had to have a quick taste first. I always like a little starter before the main course! Dropping to my knees, I lowered his trousers to his ankles, cupped his balls in one hand and slipped the other hand around his firm, round arse. That was when I slowly wrapped my lips around his amazing cock. I took it down as far as I could and there was still some to go. Then I started bobbing my head back and forth. It was really rigid and tasted delicious.

He pulled me to my feet and laid me down on one of the two bunks. I played with my soaking pussy as I watched him take off all his clothes and walk towards me.

I opened my legs wide and shut my eyes, waiting for that magic moment when he penetrated me. The moment came and it certainly was magical!

I opened my eyes then and watched as his wet cock went in and out of my pussy. I raised my knees as far as I could to allow him easier access and he went at me like a locomotive. This was the best shag I'd had in a long, long time, and while I was at work too!

Jeff started sucking my tits. That was a real turn-on because he was so erotic about it. He licked them first and then blew on them, making them go all tingly and sensitive. Then, when they were sticking up like ripe grapes, he started to nibble them gently between his teeth. It drove me wild.

I wrapped my legs around his back and clung to him like a leech, grinding my pussy into his hard cock. I slid a hand down in between my legs and started to twiddle my clitoris. This had me coming very quickly and I screamed out my orgasm. Thank heavens there was a race outside, otherwise my screams would've been heard the other side of town!

But the noise did attract some attention because, as my orgasm died down, I gasped in horror as the door opened. Jeff spun his head around, his cock still inside me. We were lucky, as it was Chas who had come searching for Jeff. Well, he certainly found him – all the way up my pussy!

Wasting no time, Chas stripped off to reveal a terrific body, and a very stiff cock! He came over to me and stuck it straight in my mouth. It felt amazing to have one big cock up my pussy and another filling my mouth. These fellas were great because they worked at me in time with each other.

They then got me doggy style and Chas finally got to have a go at my pussy from behind while Jeff placed his hot, sticky cock in my mouth. That felt terrific too!

That was when Jeff came, shooting his load into my willing mouth. I guess this all got Chas going a bit more because he spunked all over my bum cheeks and my back. It tickled as it trickled down my side, but I was in no position to laugh or do anything about it, not with a mouthful of cock and come!

We fucked and sucked for most of the race, and I tell you, those guys were the best thing that ever happened to me. And I'm glad that I could share it with you! – *Linda, Newcastle*

Finger-Lickin' Good!

I expect a lot of girls fantasise about being caught in the act of masturbation and exposing their soaking fanny to an appreciative male audience. Well, I can tell you that when that fantasy becomes reality it's even better than you'd think! Let me explain what happened to me...

My name is Kelly and I'm 18 years old and sex-mad. Prior to this I was still a virgin and so I masturbated a lot. I started fantasising about being watched doing it and I became quite an exhibitionist. I took to going without a bra so that my tits would become more noticeable as they bounced around, and sometimes I even dispensed with knickers and went out in the tightest mini that nearly showed the curl of my pubes as I walked along!

But things had to get dirtier, and it all came to a head when I decided to take a day off work and go for a drive in the country. I live in a fairly rural area anyway, and after driving for a while I pulled over by a field. I set off down a path which seemed promising, but it soon ran out and I found myself in thick undergrowth.

Fortunately, I came to a small clearing deep in the woods. My eye lit on a glossy picture lying under a tree, and getting closer I realised it was a girlie magazine. Club, in fact! Now obviously I had seen it on the top shelf of the newsagents but I had never looked inside one. My curiosity (as well as my fanny) was aroused and I sat myself under the tree and flicked through it.

As I read the letters and looked at the pictures of the girls squeezing their tits together, exposing their fannies and playing with themselves, I began to get really turned on. On one page there was a picture of a girl with her jeans round her knees, tits out and with a hand buried in her crotch, obviously wanking away – and she looked just like me!

I tell you, it was too much. I had to do it to myself. I quickly pulled the zip of my jeans down and slipping my hand down into my crotch, started to gently rub my clit. I got my tits out too and stroked the nipples till they were hard.

Leaning against the tree I spread my legs as far as I could, my fanny juicing up nicely. When I masturbate I like to build up gradually by gently massaging my clit and alternating with some gentle finger fucking. I love to get two or three fingers simply soaking and then lick the juice off them as I carry on wanking with the other hand.

I was nicely into my rhythm and just starting to breathe hard when suddenly a voice behind me said,

NEW EXPLICIT
FINGER MY SEX BUTTONS
0898 77 11 06

ORAL SEX- SPURT IN MY MOUTH
0898 316 054

GENUINE CALLERS - DIRTY SEX SECRETS
0898 771 105

RUDE LESBIAN PUSSY ACTION
0898 771 113

LETS WANK TOGETHER
0898 771 115

HOUSEWIFE SUCKS W/E 18yr OLD
0898 771 139

SPURT BETWEEN MY BIG TITS
0898 771 147

FINGER ME - I'LL TALK DIRTY
0898 771 151

3 TIGHT LESBIANS - LIVE ACTION
0898 771 157

MY SHAVEN PUSSY IS OPEN
0898 771 170

DOGGY STYLE - PUMP ME PLEASE
0898 771 182

TWO NURSES SPREAD FOR SPUNKY SEX
0898 316 053

Late Night Sex
after 11.00pm - RUDE PHONE SEX
0898 77 11 18
after 12.00pm - EXPLICIT IMPORTS
0898 77 11 58
after 2.00pm - CONFESSIONS
0898 77 11 83

MOIST PUSSY CLUB
0898 316 056

WIFE TAKES 2 THICK C*CKS
0898 316 064

RSL PO BOX 475 SW4 6QB.
Calls charged at 36p per minute cheap rate, 48p per minute all other times.

RUDE-HORNY-EXPLICIT PHONE SEX FOR YOU

I want your thick meat - Call me 0898 77 11 07

I'LL SWALLOW YOUR CUM
0898 204 206

TONGUE MY WET PUSSY
0898 204 208

USE MY BLACK BOOK FOR THE RUDEST PHONE SEX

SHAVEN LESBIAN PUSSY ACTION
0898 204 209

WIFE PLAYS WITH 2 STIFF COCKS
0898 77 11 08

LIFT MY SKIRT & INSERT
0898 77 11 11

PLEASE CUM ON MY BIG TITS
0898 77 11 16

18yr OLD VIRGIN GETS SHAFTED
0898 77 11 45

SPREAD MY CHEEKS & PUMP ME
0898 77 11 48

RUDE NURSE SPREADS FOR W/E DOCTOR
0898 77 11 17

BIG TOOL IN GIRLS PANTIES-GAY
0898 77 11 46

LIVE PORNO CONFESSIONS
0898 77 11 54

HOUSEWIFE SUCKS YOUNG COCK
0898 77 11 56

AUNTIE TAKES 10"
0898 77 11 59

I'LL MASTURBATE YOUR TOOL
0898 456 647

UP ME FROM BEHIND
0898 456 600

FIONA FINGERS FANNY
0898 316 016

PLUG MY WET PUSSY
0898 316 017

MY VELVET LIPS ON YOUR HELMET
0898 316 020

HARDCORE AFTER 12.00 SHOW
0898 316 019

FILTHY AFTER 9.00 SHOW
0898 316 018

RSL PO BOX 475 SW4 6QB. Calls cost 36p/min cheap rate, 48p/min all other times.

British
RUDEST PHONELINE
TOP 10
READERS HORNY SEX CONFESSIONS
0898 204 215

WENDY 0898 77 11 97

EXPLICIT ORAL SEX I'LL SWALLOW IT
0898 456 646
HUBBY WATCHES WIFE TAKEN BY TWO MEN
0898 77 11 41
SUE SPREADS
0898 204 217

LUCY 0898 77 11 36

SINDY 0898 77 11 38

NANCY 0898 77 11 84

PUMP MY SISTER- I'LL SIT ON YOUR FACE
0898 77 11 44
OLDER WOMEN (BIG TITS) LOVES YOUNG COCK
0898 77 11 43
SHAG ME FROM BEHIND
0898 77 11 02

EX - NURSE I'LL SUCK YOUR THICK MEAT
0898 77 11 24
LESBIAN OPEN LEG SEX ACTION
0898 77 11 52
PLEASE FINGER MY WET SHAVEN FANNY
0898 77 11 37

MANDY 0898 77 11 40

FANNY 0898 77 11 29

Late Nite Hardcore Sex Clubs
AFTER 9.00 - ORAL & ENTRY
0898 204 218
AFTER 12.00 - EXPLICIT SPURT ACTION
0898 204 219
AFTER 2.00 - TIGHT, SHAVEN PUSSY CLUB
0898 204 220

RSL PO BOX 475 SW4 6QB. Calls cost 36p/min cheap rate, 48p/min all other times.

"Excuse me, but are you all right?" There were two young men who had obviously heard my moans – and hadn't seen me wanking! I froze, my fingers still inside my cunt, and my tits were staring them in the face as they walked round the tree.

"Oh, sorry... I didn't know you were busy!" said one of them with a grin.

"You dirty cow," the other one laughed. "Fancy wanking yourself off where anybody could see you!"

Suddenly, I just didn't care that I was still standing there with my jeans down and my tits on full view. Anyway, it was my fantasy come true, two horny young men who couldn't take their eyes off my body and clearly wanted to fuck me!

"Look guys," I smiled, "you can stay if you like, but as you can see I need to come pretty badly..." and with that I slipped my hand back down to my pussy and started wanking again.

After a moment of politely staring at their feet, they looked at each other, grinned, and hurriedly undressed.

Ian, as I later found his name was, was the braver of the two and also the bigger, with a healthy seven incher already standing to attention. His friend Jamie was endowed with a slightly shorter but much thicker cock, and I could see a drop of pre-come already glistening at the end of his rigid knob.

Having taken my jeans off completely I sat down under the tree and opened my legs wide for them. It felt so fantastically dirty and sexy doing this in front of two strangers that I completely forgot myself.

I knew I had to have some cock inside me soon or I'd go crazy, so falling to my knees I took Jamie's prick in my mouth and began to suck him off. It felt so good to have it straining against the back of my throat that I grabbed hold of it with one hand and helped him along. Sure enough, I soon felt him tense his whole body and groan he was coming.

"Shoot it over your tits," he whispered, and pulling his cock out of my mouth I aimed his load over my exposed boobs. It was delightfully hot and sticky as I massaged it into my breasts while increasing the pressure from my fingers on my clit. I knew I was going to come like a volcano pretty soon and Ian must've felt the same too as no sooner had Jamie spunked every last drop than I felt Ian's cock slide into me from behind.

I felt the familiar tightening of my thigh muscles and my breath came in short, sharp gasps as he fucked away at my pussy. I still had come dripping off my face and tits as Ian grabbed hold of my hips and powered away.

His cock slid in and out of my juicy cunt, my climax getting nearer and nearer until it finally swept over me like a flood. It seemed to go on forever, and I thought I was completely drained until Ian came too and feeling all his spunk squirt into me sent me over the edge again.

I carried on gently squeezing my clit as the boys stood in front of me and I cleaned both their cocks with my tongue until they were hard enough for another fuck.

By the time we'd finished it had started getting dark, so we all tidied ourselves up and raced back to my car, giggling away like mad. We swapped phone numbers and promised to keep in touch, which I'm glad to say we did. Looking back, I realise how lucky it was that no-one else found us. Not that I could've got into trouble, but that I might still be there fucking today! – *Kelly, Northampton*

HOLIDAY BLUES

Playing away from home

Come On In!

If any of you reading this have ever been on holiday somewhere sunny and sexy and just wanted never to return, you'll know exactly how my best friend Jan and I felt last year!

We decided to break away from the cold and the rain for a couple of weeks and go to one of the Greek islands. It was beautiful: golden beaches, clear blue sea, as well as lots of sexy locals.

And we loved it! All that sun, all those parties, and all those men! We really were having the time of our lives, so much so that we decided to stay and work there for a year. After looking around for a while, we managed to find work hiring out boats for the tourists on the island. The owner of the company took a shine to us and left us alone to run things for the summer, and it was then that our sexiest adventure of all occurred.

We were relaxing on the beach one afternoon when we saw a couple of gorgeous hunks walking towards us.

"Hi, there," said the blond one. "Got anything we can take out?" My fanny started juicing up the second he flashed that grin at me, and I ran my eyes over his muscular chest, slim waist and the bulge in his tight swimming briefs.

"Now, what would you want a man like that to take out, Diane?" Jan grinned, reading my mind and staring at his mate.

"Well," I said, trying not to giggle. "There is one boat you could try, but it does roll around a bit. Do you mind rolling around a bit?" I asked innocently. The two lads looked at each other, and then back at us.

"No, we don't, do we Al?" grinned the dark haired one. "But how can we get an idea of what it would be like?" Before he had even finished the sentence Jan grabbed him by the hand and I reached out for his mate, then giggling like kids the four of us ran inland a little till we reached the sand dunes that lay a few hundred yards from the hotels and streets of the town.

Al and I tumbled onto the soft sand, locked in a passionate kiss as Pete and Jan started peeling each other's swimsuits off. As Al began flicking his tongue over my tits I glanced over at the others.

Jan certainly wasn't wasting any time, and was already on her knees and wanking herself off frantically as she gulped down Pete's cock. They were side on to me, so I had a perfect view of him fucking her mouth with fast, hard jerks. She held onto his naked bum and pushed him even further down her throat, groaning as she pulled her head away for a second to wank him.

Al was now working his tongue up my glistening pussy, and pushing my legs apart to get my whole juicy cunt over his face. My head was swimming! Here was this guy rasping his tongue over me as I watched the horniest display of a blow job anyone could ask for going on right next to me.

Jan was now bucking her hips as first one, then two, then three fingers disappeared up her and the first tremors of an orgasm hit her. Then, just as she came, I saw Pete give one final thrust as he held onto her head and pumped his spunk into her mouth. She came again as she swallowed, rolling her head from side to side to get all of his spunk in her mouth.

That just set me off, too, and I was about to come when Al swung his whole body round till we were lying next to each other and offered his cock to my mouth. Greedily I swallowed it down, just in time for me to ooze my love juice all over his face. His licking got faster and faster as he returned the favour by shooting his load down my throat.

For a minute, all you could hear was the four of us sucking, swallowing and licking each other dry, and as we slowed down, Jan pulled away and gasped for air.

"Well," she panted, "it looks like they can handle a bit of rough and tumble, doesn't it?"

"I should say," I laughed. "But let's see what they're like on the real thing!" We got dressed, and within ten minutes we were sailing off across the sea in one of our boats to our favourite deserted island.

It didn't take us more than half an hour, and just as we got the boat in near the beach I felt my bikini top being very gently pulled. I spun round to see Al undoing the knot and grinning at me.

"You don't mind, do you?" he said, just as my large, firm tits were released and his hands cupped them both. I smiled, and responded by kissing him full and hard on the lips, reaching back over my head to pull him nearer. His hands slipped down to my pussy and found my clit, then nibbling my neck, he slipped a finger up me.

I shivered as I felt my juices cover his hands. He peeled my bikini bottoms off and eased me forward till I was on all fours, then parting my legs slightly, he got behind me till the tip of his cock was nudging the mouth of my pussy. With one swift, smooth movement he slid his shaft up into me, sending me over the edge instantly. I creamed over his cock, and he held himself still as my pussy muscles throbbed tightly around his pole.

Then he began to fuck me; his breathing got faster as he pumped away, his balls slapping against my cunt and my love juices now dribbling down my legs.

Al eased himself back till he was lying on the floor and I was straddling him and as I bounced around on his glistening cock my fingers strayed down to his balls. Tickling them, I ground down hard on his cock.

"Come on you bastard! Come up me!" I growled. It was all the encouragement that he needed, and even though I was virtually sitting on him he lifted his bum, and me, up off the deck. I'd never been fucked so hard before in my life; I could even feel his come shoot into me as his body slowly crumpled back down onto the deck, and we

both lay there panting.

"Nice one, Diane," cried out Jan. I looked over to the shore and there her and Pete were, cheering us both on! If it wasn't such a good fuck I would have been embarrassed, but as it was we grabbed our swimming costumes and dived overboard to meet them.

That afternoon was just beautiful. Wandering all over this tiny island, swimming in the sea, lying on the beach and drinking a few beers (we always keep some on board for emergencies like this) was just idyllic.

Just as the sun was beginning to set we thought we'd better start heading back for the boat, when half way across the island we found the most beautiful natural pool with a waterfall cascading into it. Without another word the four of us stripped off and dived into the clear, cool water.

As befits four horny adults who've had a few drinks things soon got out of control, I'm glad to say! I had just come to the surface and was looking around for everyone else when for the second time that day I felt a pair of hands cup my tits; but this time when I turned round I didn't see Al, but Jan.

I opened my mouth to say something just as she lunged forward and kissed me. She felt cold, yet so soft. I kissed her back, our hard nipples pressing together as we held each other close. We were only shoulder deep in the water and with a little ungainly scrambling we reached the bank, and I lay Jan down on the warm sand.

Silently, we kissed again, the thought of the boys completely out of my mind as I went down on Jan, her soft, dark curls nestling against my nose as my tongue tickled her clit. She squirmed and pushed my head down even further till I could reach her delicious pink pussy lips.

"Diane, come up here," she whispered. "Come and sit on my face." I slithered back up her wet body and kissed her again as she started sucking each of my nipples in turn. I went on to all fours and could feel myself juicing up again, every flick of her tongue sending little ripples of pleasure through me.

Suddenly I was aware of someone near us, and looking up I saw the naked body of Al standing over me, his long, thick cock bobbing in front of me. Instinctively I shut my eyes and opened my mouth, and took the whole eight inches of him down my throat, moaning softly to myself.

Jan was working faster now, licking round my nipples, eyes open to watch Al's cock slide in and out of my mouth. My pussy was so wet and aching for a fuck it felt natural to feel a pair of hands on my bum cheeks and the slim shaft of Peter slip into me from behind.

Jan's hand slipped down to her pussy, and she began frigging herself off, all the time munching on my tits as the four of us writhed around on the sand. I ran my tongue along the underside of Al's cock and back up the helmet, my lips closing tight around it and powering up and down.

Peter was fucking me furiously now, my whole body jerking forward with each thrust as my cunt clenched around his tool, throbbing as I climaxed again and again. I had never had so much cock inside me before, and I knew that I couldn't keep this up for much longer.

But suddenly I felt Al tense and the first squirt of come jet across my tongue and down my throat. Pulling away I kept my mouth open and watched as he spunked all over my face, droplets running down my cheeks and chin. I greedily licked off what I could while Jan screamed out she was coming too, and arching her back sucked hard on my tits.

Al was still spurting all over my face and hair as Pete groaned and spunked into me, whipping out his cock and splashing his milk onto my bum and back as the four of us came together.

We were exhausted! We had one more swim to freshen up before sailing back to the mainland and our comfortable beds. We met up with the guys again quite a few times that summer, and spent hours of fun on our own Isle of Man!

Jan and I are back home now, but we'll be out there again next year. So if you're up for a bit of fun at sea, keep an eye out for us and we'll sort you out! – *Diane, Liverpool*

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Crotch Watch

I've always been an exhibitionist, not to mention something of a nympho, and when I moved to a new area of the country because my job relocated, I was desperate for sex after about three weeks of abstinence. I'd broken up with my boyfriend just before moving, and going without his thick, meaty cock between my thighs and boobs was more difficult than I'd imagined. After I'd settled into my new flat, I began to look around for sex.

Unfortunately, the social scene in the village where I was living seemed to be very limited. After a week, I'd almost masturbated myself into a coma; my fingers ached, my clitty was throbbing and the sexual tension inside me was bursting for release. Then, by a happy accident, some post arrived for the people who'd lived in the flat before me, and by mistake I opened it.

They must have been a real pair of swingers, because the package was full of sex mags and catalogues, advertising every kind of sexual thing you could imagine!

My fingers trembled as I flicked through pictures of dildos and vibrators that I'd only imagined in my wildest fantasies... and then I came to the contact magazine, where people into partner swapping and group sex could get in touch with each other and, as it said, 'make all their wildest fantasies become reality'.

I didn't hesitate: I was on the phone in seconds, dialling the number which seemed to be the same area code as my own – and within minutes I'd been invited to a swingers' party the next weekend. I couldn't believe my luck, as Penny, the woman who answered my call, told me that they were desperate for more women to join their swapping group. "It's five men to every woman at the moment," she said. Heaven!

Penny had told me that I should dress up sexily for the occasion, but with plenty of garments so that I could easily strip or be stripped. My pussy was almost frothing at the thought as I dressed. I put on a really tight little black Lycra bra, which cut very high under my boobs so that they were contained, but only just. My little red minge (yes, I'm a natural redhead) was covered by tiny thong knickers which cut right into my crotch.

Then over that I wore a see-through white chiffon blouse which came down to mid-thigh, held tight in at the waist with a thick chain-linked belt, which ran under my crotch too. My outfit was completed by black fishnet hold-ups and high-heeled, strappy sandals which really emphasised the shapeliness of my legs. I must say that as I made my way to Penny and her husband Neil's house, I was feeling very randy. My outfit wasn't hiding anything – and I could feel that my exhibitionist streak was going to be on display for all to see before the night was out.

Penny and Neil lived in a really normal, suburban looking house at the end of a cul-de-sac – the most unlikely setting I'd ever seen for an orgy, but how wrong could I have been?

As soon as she saw me walking up the path, Penny threw open the front door, and to my astonishment, I saw that the whole place was teeming with people, most of them in a state of near nakedness and fondling each other like mad!

"Come in and join the party," Penny yelled over all the noise. "You can make your own introductions as you go along!"

It took a few minutes to make my way around the ground floor of the house, and everywhere I looked there were couples sucking and fucking each other's brains out. It really turned me on being a voyeur as I watched first one couple and then another: there was the woman in front of me who was being eaten out by two females, their tongues lashing at each other as well as at the dripping pussy of their subject, who was lying on the carpet with her legs spread wide, watching and talking really dirty as she encouraged them to "eat my pussy".

Then there was the guy who was getting sucked in every possible place you can imagine, by no less than four girls, all of them reaching down between their legs and fingering themselves as they stroked and sucked all over his hairy body. That really got me going, as I just love hairy guys, and I was so excited that I could barely walk as I made my way into the kitchen, where I'd seen Penny disappear to.

"Ah, here's our new lady exhibitionist," she smiled as she introduced me to a group of people, all naked. "Perhaps you'd like to put on a little show, Karen. You told me how much it turns you on."

I didn't need to be asked twice and I reached over onto the worktop and ladled out a cup of the fruit punch for myself. Then I stood tall and poured the punch all over my white blouse, making it completely see-through.

My nipples were bobbing about like corks as I stroked myself through the soaking wet material. The chain belt was clanking, and the three blokes who were kneeling at my feet all had huge hard-ons as I pulled it up between my crotch, feeling the metal parting my cunt lips.

"Can you smell my pussy?" I demanded, knowing that the dirtier I was, the more excited they'd be – and the better fucking I'd get afterwards. "You love the way this chastity belt's holding my pussy in, don't you?"

I could feel several pairs of large, male hands starting to stroke at my feet and ankles,

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rolling my stockings down so that they could touch my bare flesh. I was feeling really decadent as all the guys stroked and fingered me, and I was so excited that in one movement, I reached up and ripped off my blouse, so that only a few shreds of material were left caught by my belt, and my soaked bra top and knickers were exposed.

"You want these to come off too?" I demanded of my audience, then lifted the bra over my head and threw it into the hands of one of the guys, but the thong knickers were more difficult: eventually I just had to rip them off and leave them hanging.

Then, clambering up on to the table, I posed with my stockings around my ankles and that chain belt pulled up really tight in my crotch. I felt as if I must be gushing juices as I lay down right in the middle of the table and spread my thighs wide.

"Who wants to have first go?" I demanded, reaching down and fiddling with my clitty. "I warn you though, I'm not taking my belt off."

"It'll be better with it on," grunted my first partner as he positioned himself at the end of the table, holding his engorged cock just inches away from my snatch. Then he gently pulled me towards him so that my pussy was impaled on his shaft.

As I savoured the sensation of his cock sliding inside me, I realised that the other guys in the room would be feeling left out. Wrapping my legs around his waist, I yelled out that it wasn't just my cunt that needed seeing-to – every part of my body was clamouring to be fondled.

Before I knew it, there was a stiff cock between my lips, pumping in and out at the same tempo as the one which was filling my pussy. One of the other guys knelt on the table and rubbed his cock up and down between my boobs, touching the eye of it on to one nipple and then the other so erotically that I was moaning with frustration that I hadn't come yet.

I didn't have to wait much longer for my first climax of the night. As my pussy was being fucked, my chain belt was rubbing between my legs, and it just took a couple of strokes of my fingers to move it so that it was directly touching my clitty. That cock delved deeper up inside me, pressing the chain in hard... and I started coming, throwing my head back and letting out a real scream.

"Give me your come in my pussy," I told him, and just seconds later my cunt was filled with jets of hot come. As he withdrew and the next man took his place between my thighs, there was a squelch as he thrust inside my cunny. What a turn-on to have his thick shaft moving up and down through the brew of juices that were lubricating my cunt – and with that chain being rubbed against my little button, I lost count of the number of times I panted to a climax.

He set up a really fast pace, too, his balls slapping against the backs of my thighs as he ground his crotch into mine. Just at that moment, the long, thin prick that I'd been sucking away at unloaded its cream into my mouth. I gobbled it down, some of it dribbling out of the corners of my mouth.

Just as soon as he'd finished spurting, the blond guy switched positions with his friend who'd been pressing my boobs around his hot shaft for a diddy-ride, and yet another cock was in my mouth. This time, I really concentrated on that, my tongue slipping up and down the shaft as he fed me his length, and I managed to match our rhythm almost exactly to the one which I was getting in my cunt, faster and faster, really building up to a big climax.

I didn't quite get there just then, but the black-haired beefcake fucking me most certainly did, withdrawing his cock just at the last moment so that three or four really large blobs of jism landed on my pubes and stomach. I was too busy grasping the cock that was in my mouth and milking that to take as much notice as I'd have liked, but there were more than enough eager hands on my body ready to rub it in for me.

By now, my cunt was dripping with juices, and the chain of my belt lodged tight between my love lips. I found out later that all the guys who fucked my pussy found it an unbelievable turn-on when the chain rubbed their shafts as they entered and withdrew from me, and just feeling the cold metal on my hot flesh made me shiver with pre-orgasmic delight. I was really building up for a big one, my nipples and cunt tingling. Just as my cunny muscles were recovering from the hard fucking they'd just had, another cock was swiftly slipped inside me.

I could hardly breathe as I finally reached a huge climax, my body juddering and shuddering, my hands clawing at the buttocks I'd got hold of as yet another cock was fed into my mouth. What a delicious way to finally reach the orgasm I'd been gasping for since I arrived. I felt as if I was going to explode with sexual tension, and I revelled in the knowledge that all the men were watching me.

"What a slut you are!" Penny grinned at me as I relaxed with a ciggie afterwards, just flaunting my body in its sticky chain and not even bothering to put on what was left of my outfit. "You'll be invited to every one of our parties from now on – that was quite a show for the lads."

I was glowing from the attention, which must have proved too much for Penny, as next minute she was on her knees and licking out my pussy, swallowing down all my love juices and the spunk that were oozing out. To my surprise, she brought me to an almost instantaneous climax; I'd never been eaten out by another woman before, though it's one of the many things that I've been experimenting with more since that night! – *Karen, Nottingham* ♣

gabrielle

Photographs by Jack Harrison

Gorgeous Gabrielle is back after being away from our shores for far too long. Now tell us, Gabby, what you could possibly have been doing that's better than posing for us at Club?

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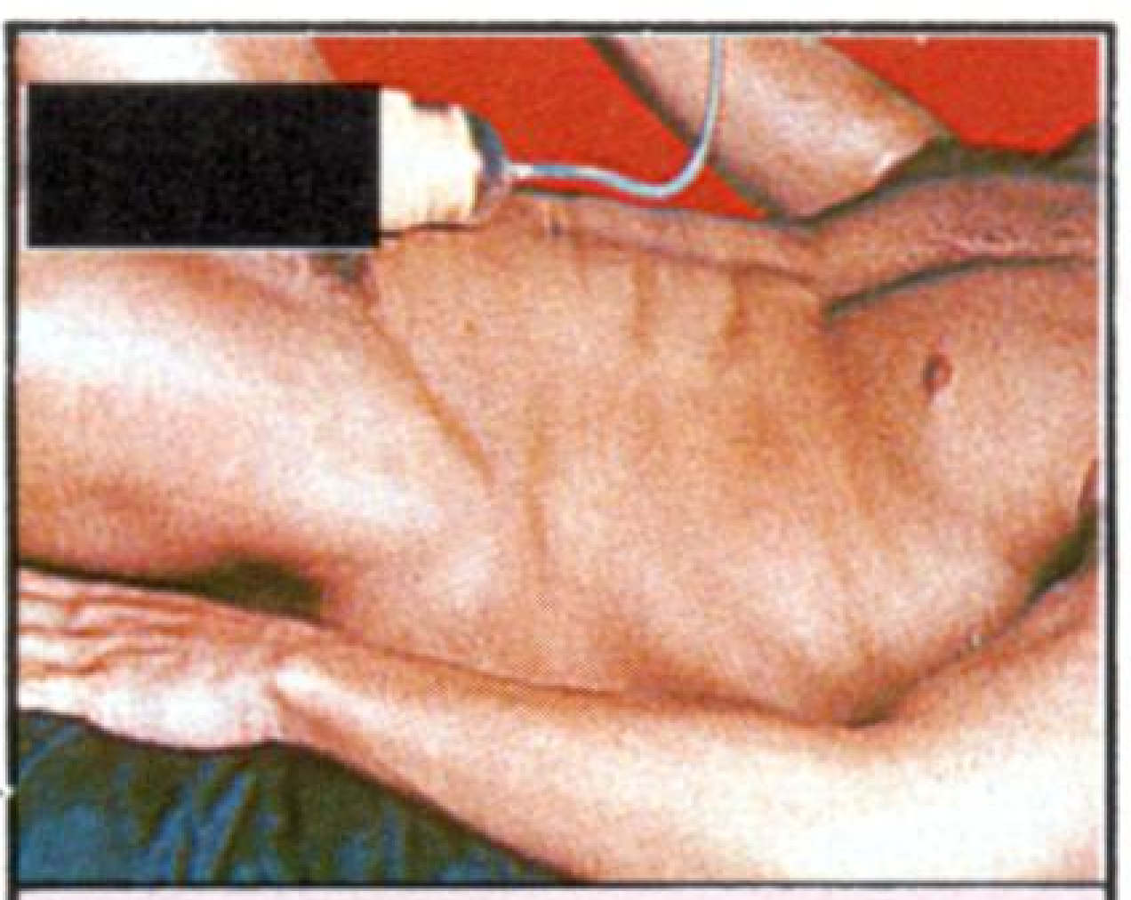

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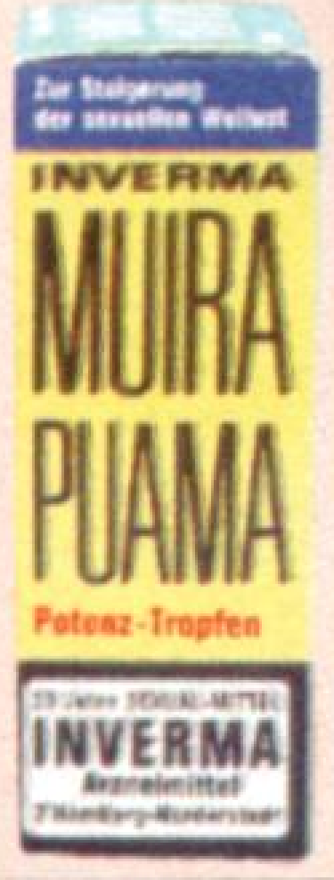

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SEX SHOPS – LONDON (Sth) 14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St., Old Market **BURY** *94 Rochdale Rd. **CARLISLE** *6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER** *17-24 Trade Offices, Cattle Market. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North. **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** *63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **PLYMOUTH** *31 Athenaeum Place, Derrys Cross **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *12/14 Bootham ●●● **WALES – NEWPORT** *16 Cardiff Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St.
*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.
STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 34 Upton Lane, London E7, 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(North West)** 659 Nth Circular Rd, Brent NW2 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13, 1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16. **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bull Ring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St. George's Rd. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **CROYDON** 109a Church St. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **HARROGATE** 19 Westmorland St. *(Off East Parade)* **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. Sheepscarr **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. *(behind Station)* **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND – EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES – CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND – BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

SP23

Tobyward Ltd., Unit 4/6, 2 Faraday Road, Stratford, London E15. Reg. No. 1634311

TOP TWENTY SELLERS, Dept. CI 34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN

1760

Product Name	Price
Please rush the items listed. I enclose cheque/PO for make cheques payable to MO Division and add your address to reverse.	£

Name

Address

Postcode

I am aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors. I am over 18

Signed

s h a n n o n

If only all waitresses were built like Shannon here we'd not only spend every single day eating in the London restaurant where she works but probably all weigh 20 stone too!

"Well, now you mention it, I do get quite a few randy regulars coming in," giggles the 18-year-old beauty. "And they always want to know what's for afters, cheeky things. So many of them want to give me a really big service charge too, but I never let them.

"Mind you, if he is really dishy I might just let him give me a tip at the end of the night..." ♣

Photographs by Maria Clarke

PERSONAL & CONFIDENTIAL
(ANYTHING GOES - FILTHY & LUSTFUL SEX LINES

DISGUSTING SEX NOISES

ON THE PHONE

SHOWER BONKING	0898 234 102
SPURTING ACTION	0898 442 503
LASHING TONGUES	0898 234 109
SCREAMING CLIMAX	0898 362 591
SQUELCHY NOISES	0898 442 313
LESBIAN SP**KING	0898 234 105
INSTANT W**P	0898 442 343
NO SEAT ON HER BICYCLE	0898 442 388

totally
explicit
CONTINENTAL
VIDEOS
uncensored-
uncut
ring 0898
442 979
for details

CREAM ON MY FACE

I LOVE TO LICK IT OFF!

0898
234 108

MASTURBATION •• SPECIAL ••

TOTALLY UNCENSORED
DIAL 0898 442 360

Carol 36 (Leeds) needs a good shafting from well hung miner ring 0898 866 046

Annette (Somerset) Ex model into the wet stuff, daughter can help too if you like 0898 362 585

Patie (40 still sporty) needs timid man to dominate, ring evenings only 0898 866 048

Pauline likes three in a bed or more if you've got the energy dial 0898 362 588

Stephanie, I will suck you to orgasm and spit you out if you can take it 0898 234 107

Marie (Sticky knickers) I just love to frig myself but would like to feel a real man, please ring me on 0898 866 042

Val (Devon) Creamy cracker needs spreading, indoors or outdoors ring 0898 442 504

Jane (Self confessed tart) will dress up & peel off for anyone who wants it, I'm not fussy ring me now on 0898 442 980

Debbie (22) into heavy sucking, needs men of all ages, I will blow your mind & your c**k (Newcastle area) 0898 234 114

Carol would love to feel keen young tongues on her bush, ring me now on 0898 442 417

Janice and her trusty multi-speed will show you how to tease & please 0898 442 340

Gaynor (26) I have just shaved, would you like to feel my naked flesh? 0898 234 104

Mandy has got very sticky fingers, would you like to lick them for me? 0898 362 586

Francis Pretty but large 20yr old seeks randy guys for roly-poly sex games 0898 442 390

Barbara I will drop my panties for anyone, just call on me and I'll prove it! 0898 234 110

Hannah really enjoys a three way poke, come on round & bring some friends 0898 442 416

Margaret I'll bend right over so you can go deeper, ring me now on 0898 442 370

Gillian Adventurous 32 year old needs to live out kinky fantasies, Girls or guys - who like filth, into mud & food. 0898 866 043

Tracy (Gloucester) Adventurous 32 year old will whip you to a frenzy if you can take it - ring now, you will not be disappointed! 0898 234 103

April (Lesbian jelly wrestler) will take a firm grip with my slippy fingers 0898 362 583

Emma, my neighbours a lesbian & she's coming round to give me some lip tonight, hear our passion on 0898 866 040

MONICA'S WELL USED PANTIES

IF YOU FANCY THEM CALL ME ON
0898 866 047

I'LL LICK & SUCK YOU TO A CLIMAX YOU'LL NEVER FORGET

Ring Jill on
0898 442 342

WILL SUCK YOU OFF WHILE I WATCH!

0898
442 421

W**KING IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR

0898 362 582

PEEL OFF MY STICKY KNICKERS

AND FINISH ME OFF!
0898 442 506

LISTEN IN TO DIRTY TALKERS 0898 442 502

KINKY GIRL

Who likes guys with sex toys, must be experienced. No time wasters or straight sex freaks please. dial Gale on this number
0898 442 418

XXX SMUT CLUB

Lipstick on my panties	0898 442 501
Ram it up me hard	0898 442 994
In my bra & up my knickers	0898 234 101
Unload in me	0898 866 044

LISTEN TO FILTHY GAY/LESBIAN ☆☆ TALK ☆☆

Gay talking balls to Gay	0898 866 045
Lesbians talk bitchy to each other	0898 442 511
Gays into piercing, chains & leather	0898 442 543
Rough guy gets tough with wimps	0898 234 115
In the station toilets at Kings cross	0898 442 977

-Gina-

VERY STERN GIRL LOOKING FOR A GUY WHO CAN TAKE AS MUCH AS I CAN GIVE!

0898 234 106

CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES. STG, P.O. BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.

ORIGINAL SCAN IMPORTS

Full length films at under £2 each!

4 Graphic Sex Action Video Titles

Product Code (5MA6001)

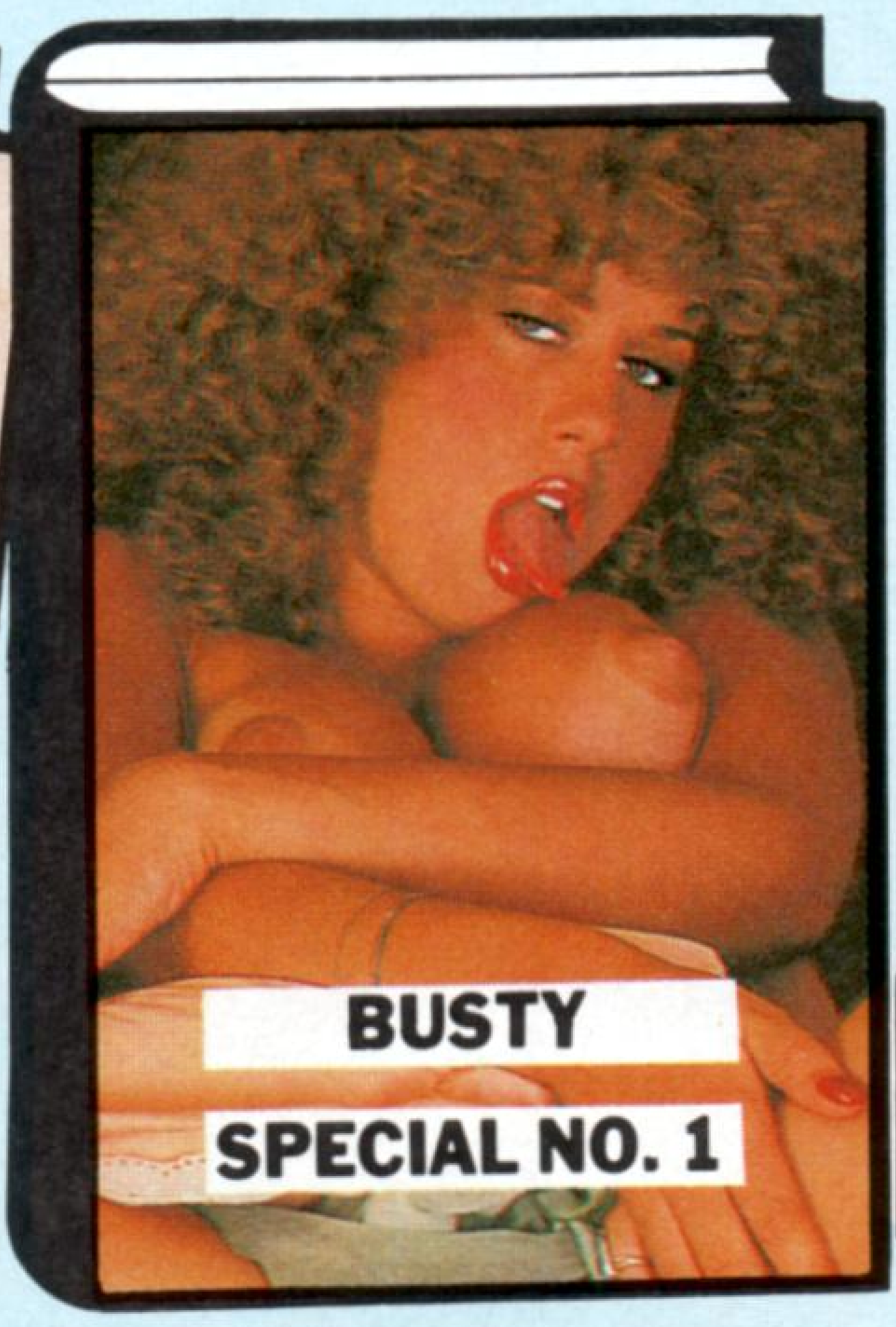
4 FULL LENGTH FEATURE FILMS

FORMER PRICE ~~£49.95~~ EACH
TAKE ALL 4 FOR ONLY £7.95 — YES THATS ALL 4 FOR 7.95 NOT 7.95 EACH!

Private Lines, 627 Forest Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE

STORIES OF SEX

NAUGHTY NEIGHBOURS



ANGEL'S BACK

STORIES OF SEX

Six explicit stories of sex featuring: —

- the Gardener with his horny hands and horny bulge
- the Convict who screws the nympho blonde into ecstasy
- the Mystery Man who shafts the girl in an empty house
- the Musician who lets the girls play with his instrument
- the Best Friend's Husband screws her while his wife's out
- the Ex-lovers meet again for one last magnificent sex orgy

NAUGHTY NEIGHBOURS

A chink in the curtain reveals the wife-swapping antics in a surburban town. John screws Peter's wife Sally, while Peter gets his end away orally, so to speak, with John's wife. Meanwhile, Carol and Claire are into a lesbian screwing session and Allan's wife, Jackie is showing the workmen the crack that she wants filled.

BUSTY SPECIAL NO. 1

When little Alice spills a drink down the dress of Margaret, the big busted blonde, she strips off and lets Alice dry her body, including those big, bulging tits. Then Alice gives her a baby oil massage, finding her way into every nook and cranny, until Margaret is completely satisfied.

ANGEL'S BACK

Back to what she does best — sex — with anybody. Lots of lesbian and group action A superb gym session, where she lifts all the tackle going and makes the most of the bulging equipment. Then her insatiable lust takes her into a Harem orgy with Arabs built like stallions.

Tobyward Ltd, Unit 4/6, 2 Faraday Road, Stratford, London E15. Reg No. 1634311

YES ALL OF THE ABOVE FILMS WERE ~~£49.95~~ EACH
TAKE ALL 4 FOR ONLY £7.95
YES, THATS ONLY £7.95 FOR ALL 4 NOT 7.95 EACH

Instant Quickie Relief 0338 422 342
Limetime, 34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN. Calls cost 36p per min cheap rate, 48p per min at all other times.

FULL LENGTH SEX FILMS AT UNDER £2 EACH

Product Code (5MA6001)

INCREDIBLE! THESE 4 FULL LENGTH FEATURE FILMS WERE ONCE ~~£49.95~~ NOW TAKE ALL 4 FOR JUST £7.95 YES THATS RIGHT — £7.95 FOR ALL 4

VERY IMPORTANT We would like to point out that these Video Films are all full length hardcore features, not 'soft shots' like those offered by our competitors that only last for 10 to 15 minutes each. What you get is four full length horny hardcore Video Films, originally priced at £49.95 each. **YES — FULL LENGTH FILMS AT UNDER £2 EACH**

For further information on our adult products call 0898 100 680
(Calls charged at 36p a minute cheap rate, 48p a minute at all other times)

☎ **CREDIT CARD ORDER LINE 081-534 8855**
When ordering by phone please quote Product Name & Code Number

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PRIVATE LINES, (Dept. C I), 627 Forest Road, London E17 4NE.
Please rush me, under plain cover, the 4 full length films on a VHS Video Product Code (5MA6001)

- **STORIES OF SEX**
- **BUSTY SPECIAL NO. 1**
- **NAUGHTY NEIGHBOURS**
- **ANGEL'S BACK**

I enclose cash/cheque/PO for £7.95 plus £2.05 p&p to cover the cost of compiling and despatch = total £10. If paying by cheque, add your name and address to reverse and make payable to MO Division.

*Name*____________________
(PLEASE USE BLOCK CAPITALS)
*Address*____________________
____________________ *Postcode*__________
*I certify that I am over 18 years of age and have full knowledge that these films are Adult Sex Movies on a Video Cassette*____________________ *Signed*

1511

I LOVE IT DOGGYSTYLE 0338 405 505

FIONA (18) LICKS RUTH'S (21) PUSSY 0338 405 515

Hear me Masturbate 0338 405 565

ORGASM WITH ME 0338 405 503

Uncensored Spunky Orgasmic Sex Confessions 0338 405 555

HORNY 18YR OLD TALKS FILTHY 0338 405 512

I'LL W**K YOU TO CLIMAX 0338 405 524

I'll use my dildo you w**k 0338 405 582

ORAL SEX- SPUNK IN MY MOUTH 0338 405 501

I'LL STRIP YOU MASTURBATE 0338 405 579

SPUNKY SEX WITH MY SISTER 0338 405 509

LESBIAN SEX 0338 405 563

Secretary wants to spank your wife 0338 405 578

EROTIC TELEPHONE HANDJOB 0338 405 547

AFTER 12 ORAL SPURT CLUB 0338 400 130

AFTER 2 LESBIAN NURSES ORGY 0338 400 160

NURSE WANTS SPANKING 0338 405 504

SPUNK OVER MY FACE 0338 405 532

Spread my legs - then f**k me 0338 405 506

wants SEX 0338 405 508

CALLS CHARGED 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48P AT ALL OTHER TIMES OYSTERPALM LTD PO BOX 4LY LONDON W1

LET'S MASTURBATE TOGETHER 0338 400 762

CALLERS EXPLICIT CONFESSIONS 0338 400 851

WILL W**K YOU 0338 400 807

SPANK MY BARE ARSE 0338 400 730

COME OVER MY TITS 0338 400 797

ORAL SEX SPURT IN MY MOUTH 0338 400 999

DEBEE ASHBY GIVES HANDJOB 0338 400 932

HEAR ME MASTURBATE MYSELF 0338 400 690

PART MY & INSERT 0338 400 676

MY WIFE (25) TONGUED 0338 400 870

Warning HIGHLY EXPLICIT NATURE

LESBIANS HOUSEWIFE'S PVC ORGY 0338 400 811

DO IT TO ME DOGGYSTYLE 0338 400 768

LICK MY CL*T- MAKE ME COME 0338 400 892

OLD WANTS DIRTY OLD MAN TO W**K 0338 400 783

VIRGIN'S FANNY NEEDS A STIFFY 0338 400 773

Bonk my wife-sore 0338 400 761

IN MY MOUTH & UP MY CRACK 0338 400 794

AFTER 12PM STIFF DICK SPECIAL 0338 400 826

AFTER 2AM MOIST PUSSY ACTION 0338 400 821

CALLS CHARGED 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48P AT ALL OTHER TIMES BESTRICH LTD PO BOX 1073 LONDON W2

THE NATIONAL SEX HOT BOX

NO ADVERTS NO PRE WARNINGS ... JUST HARD / LIVE SEX ACTION

LISTEN IN TO GAY SEX CHATS
0898 442 397

NYMPHO LESBIANS DOING IT LIVE
0898 442 840

0898 442 895
LISTEN TO ME COME AS I SHAVE MYSELF

CUM ALL OVER MY TITS !!
0898 442 533

ORAL GOBBLING CHAMPIONSHIP RECORDING
0898 442 534

SPECIALIST SEX TALK [ORAL GOBBLING DONE LIVE]
0898 442 894

USED PANTIES (YOU CAN EVEN BUY THEM)
0898 442 884

I WILL GIVE YOU A TELEPHONE BLOW JOB
0898 442 399

SEX TALK I will be your SEX SLAVE
0898 442 819

RIP OFF MY PANTIES & DO ME
0898 442 415

DOGGY FASHION SEX TALK
0898 442 906

TWO GIRLS TWO TONGUES
0898 442 544

SEX DATE
IMMEDIATE COMPUTER SEARCH NOW
0898 442 398

2 LESBIANS USING THE DOUBLE ENDED DILDO- GENUINE
0898 442 412

COMPUTERISED SEX MACHINE TO MAKE YOU CUM IN TWO MINUTES
0898 442 987

SEX TALK PUSSY POKERS
0898 442 845

EXTREME SEX
ALL FANTASIES EXPLOITED
0898 442 414

FREE SEX VIDEO

(DELIVERY 14 DAYS)

DIAL 0898 442 896 TO ORDER

NO ADVERTS
NO WARNINGS
NO NONSENSE
ALL HARD ACTION

FREE
SEX CHAT
LIVE ONE TO ONE
081 871 2181

I DO IT LIVE WHILE YOU LISTEN & CUM
0898 442 891

JACK- OFF JILL

HAVE A BAR OF SOAP READY

DIAL 0898 442 893

I'LL TAKE IT ALL IN MY MOUTH	0898 442 897
DIRTY HOUSEWIVES SOUNDS	0898 442 887
TWO GIRL SEX WITH TOYS!	0898 442 449
I CAN TAKE IT ALL UP ME	0898 442 413
PERSONAL EXPERIENCES	0898 442 876

"FREE" All free products mean you do pay the 0898 charges

0272 226044

LIVE OR RECORDED LIVE

STG. P.O.BOX 242. LONDON SWI5 2RJ Calls cost 36p per min cheap rate and 48p per min at all other times

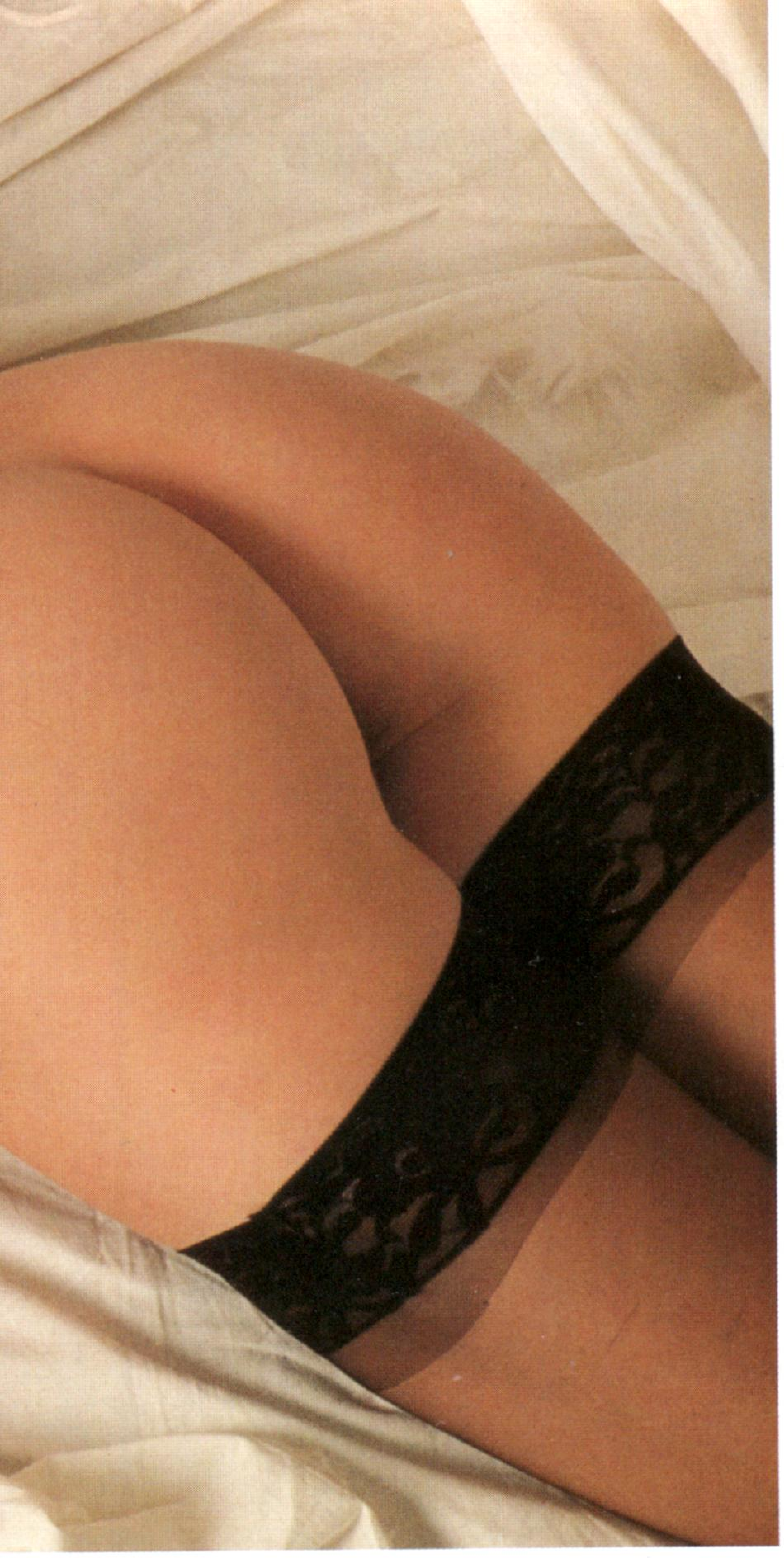
Photographs by Stefano Santorini

SONIA

If anyone out there has a more fantastic figure than Sonia we'd like to see it – but in the meantime we'll gladly settle for this beautiful brunette from Oxford!

"Well, I have to work hard at keeping fit but I think it's paid off, don't you? I mean, I know beauty is only skin deep, but think about it: how deep do you want to go?"

We'd better keep the answer to that one to ourselves, lads. ♣



FREE

MEMBERSHIP TO OUR ADULT DATING AGENCY!!

ALSO FREE SEX CHAT DIAL 0272 234 096

NO '0898' NUMBERS TO DIAL
NO 'HIGH PRESSURE SALE'
TO MAKE YOU PAY SOME £75.00
FOR A 'JOEY' LIST OF MEMBERS

PAYMENT ON RESULTS ONLY

£3.00 per date arranged. You just send us a cheque or postal order for each date
STRICT CONFIDENCE
(No trace back to you, Reference number system).

TO SAVE TIME !
TEL: 0272 234 098

(IF ENGAGED DIAL 081 871 9777)

To arrange for the girls to fix you up with a sexy adult date (at your place or hers)

WITHIN 10 MINUTES!!

GIRLS, GUYS, GAYS, COUPLES, LESBIANS T.V.'s etc.

FREEPOST (NO STAMP NECESSARY). SEND THIS COUPON TO:
NATIONAL DATING, DEPT V.V., FREEPOST, LONDON SW15 2YY.

Send me your list of members and phone numbers etc. along with details of all your Hotels, Sex Holidays etc. I am looking for (write what you want)..

NAME..

ADDRESS..

I am over 18 years of age ....(sign).

*All members must be over 18 years old. The club reserves the right to refuse any order for membership. Private insurance £45.00 extra exclusive to bone fide members on order for three star membership. Telephone contact system without 0898 numbers. No member to charge any other members fees. Regular updates for postal members. Adult holidays etc.

HEAR ME W**K
0338 402 992

F****D FROM BEHIND 0338 40 30 96
2 GUYS BONK 1 GIRL 0338 402 995
MY VIBRATORS UP ME 0338 404 792

W**K MY WIFE
0338 402 996

ORAL SEX - COME IN MY MOUTH
0338 40 30 91
DO IT TO ME DOGGYSTYLE
0338 40 30 95
FINGER MY SHAVEN PUSSY
0338 40 30 97
SECRETARY WILL SUCK YOU OFF
0338 404 794
LESBIAN NURSES DILDO ORGY
0338 404 790
W**K TO ORGASMIC SEX TALK
0338 40 30 84

NEW

NEW
PART MY LIPS & INSERT
0338 40 30 93
SHAG ME OVER THE DESK
0338 40 40 94
JULIE LICKED OUT MY FANNY
0338 40 30 99
SPURT OVER MY PUSSY
0338 40 30 92

LET'S W**K
TOGETHER
0338 402 993

BONK 2 LESBIANS
0338 402 994

JANE & MARIE'S DILDO ORGY 0338 404 787

After 9pm Ball Hardening Special 0338 404 797
After 12pm Lesbian Dildo Pump Action 0338 40 30 83

ORGASMIC SEX
0338 404 786

Calls charged at 36p per min cheap rate 48p at all other times Northglow Ltd PO box 16 RG11 7DZ

LET ME WATCH YOU MASTURBATE 0338 402 174

MASTURBATION SPECIAL
0898 866 729
LESBIANS CAUGHT AT IT
0338 402 171
BIG BUM BENT OVER & WAITING
0338 402 172
HEAR ME DO IT OVER THE PHONE
0338 402 173
SUKI SUCKS 'TIL YOU CUM
0338 402 176
SPURT IN MY HAND
0898 866 725

SHEER BODY STOCKING 0898 866 727
I'LL UNLOAD YOUR LOT! 0898 866 724
JUNIOR DESIRES 0898 866 723
I LOVE IT UP MY A*** 0898 866 728
UP L'ARRIS 0338 402 177
BARE BOTTOM WAITING
0338 402 170
BACK DOOR DESIRES
0338 402 175

BOTTOM SORE BUT SATISFIED
0338 402 178

MARRIED WIFE WANTS A THREESOME
0338 402 182

I WANT TO BE OVER YOUR KNEE
0338 402 179
PERSONAL SEX CHAT JUST FOR YOU
0338 402 180
MY SISTER'S KNICKERS - YOU CAN WEAR THEM
0338 402 181
CROSS DRESS FOR SEX
0338 402 184
I'LL SMACK YOUR BOTTOM
0338 402 183

For a really juicy sucking, call........0898 866 726

D. DIAL PO BOX 649 LONDON EC1V/9UU 36p/MIN CHEAP 48p/MIN OTHER TIMES PRG/C3

club CLASSIFIED

1 — PERSONAL

VOYEUR PLEASURE with Andy and Lisa, young attractive couple, 071-610 1021

2 — BOOKS

EROTIC books/magazines. SAE to Daisy Publications Ltd (C9), PO Box 2, Narborough, Leicester LE9 5XU

5 — DATING SERVICES

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17 — PHONE LINES

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Mmm! bend me over and ram it in my tight hole! 0338 403 485

SIDE SPLITTING stud for sex!! 0338 403 481

HUNGRY BOTTOM – there pulled up tight. 0898 224 428

BUZZING vibrators all tickling away at the sides – let Sheila tell you all on . . . 0338 403 494

TRACY & VICKY squirm over each others oiled bodies – fun in the sun on 0338 403 494

DIAL NOW! for your own personal 2 girl sex chat. 0338 403 497

LET ME fondle your huge and hairy balls 'till you spurt in my face. 0338 402 807

ENTER into the castle of cum! It"s a group grope – orgasmic fun on 0338 402 810

XXX RATED hot tart needs a man – she's wet & ready on 0338 402 814

OHH! my a*** is so red and sore, but hot and stingy!! lovely!! 0338 402 817

RAVING shaven nympho gets caught from the back!! Ouch, that hurts. 0338 402 819

LUCY has a nughty story to tell, she's going to tell you all about her kinky sex she carries out, call her on 0338 402 823

LINDA wants to w**k you silly! Let her cream you off on 0338 403 336

2 GIRLS looking for other couples to join in. Call 0898 224 402

PANTIES on sale on 0898 224 404

ORAL ANNIE takes it all down 0898 224 407

KATE (31) is a chef, she's going to show you some of things she can do with kitchen utensils! 0338 402 829

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TELEPHONE TARTS – our girls are just waiting to give you a personal sex chat. 0338 403 350

FKING BIG** knockers – bury your head in these large bazonkas. 0338 403 351

MILKMAID memories, creamy Mollie froths up all over you. 0338 403 353

STICKY LACE stuck to your face, get your head in my knickers. 0338 403 355

WOULD you like to join my husband & I in a 3 in the bed ecstasy orgy. 0338 403 356

LET ME SUCK ON your dangling sex sacks – get them out & lets do it! 0338 403 414

CINDY'S been a very naughty girl! call her and let her know what her punishment would be. 0338 403 419

FOR the hottest dirty talk call . . . 0898 224 418

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BACK SEAT BONK, pull them to one side and ram it up the back way. 0338 403 349

PANTIES around my ankles, now bend me over because I love it up my a***! 0338 403 352

PVC PLAYSUIT sweating & sexy. 0898 224 424

MY BOSS likes to strip me slowly – peel my stockings off, knickers to one side and part my legs – hear all on 0338 403 354

CUM in my hot mouth. 0338 403 420

LEATHER LUST bound up in black leather and waiting your instruction. 0338 403 422

PENNY the flat pancake – erect her nipples on 0898 224 426

RED HOT hand rampant Helga, the German fraulin takes it hard! 0338 403 424

BOARDROOM BANG up, office meeting and I got it hard, many times, sloppy seconds on 0338 403 406

MANDY loves to have a hot milky mouth. 0898 224 427

BENT OVER for the boss – he's coming with his ruler! Help! – save me or listen in on 0338 403 400

BONK MY BAPS! 0338 403 403

CUM between my round, firm tits & rub all the sp**k in! 0338 403 484

OH! I'd love a bit of "rough" & tumble – if your a real man take me on. 0338 403 405

WE'LL SNEAK you into our college dormitory and let you watch us in shocking action! 0338 403 407

THE MILKMAN masturbates between Mellisa's hairy lips. 0338 403 482

TARTY TINA wants you for sex in any position – you decide on 0338 403 483

I'M SPREAD open & ready for you to take me anyway you want. 0338 403 404

ANY POSITION you get to name your way! 0338 403 402

"ORAL!" mmm! make me gag on your stiff todger and choke on your sp**k. 0338 403 401

I FEEL MYSELF up under the desk, I'll let you listen to my squelchy noises on 0338 403 408

PUT your rod between my breasty dumplings for a hot tit w**k. 0338 403 486

I'M SITTING here alone & naked! you can take me anyway you like. 0338 403 486

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XXX SORDID SEX action – listen in just dial the number, get it out & jerk off. 0338 402 821

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BARE bottomed girls for your pleasure 0338 403 493

PUSSY PARTY laps up cream, make it purr on 0338 403 498

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2 GIRLS squirm on each others fingers – hear Collette & Colleen losen up on 0338 403 339

CALL ME now for a personal "jerk off" 0338 403 421

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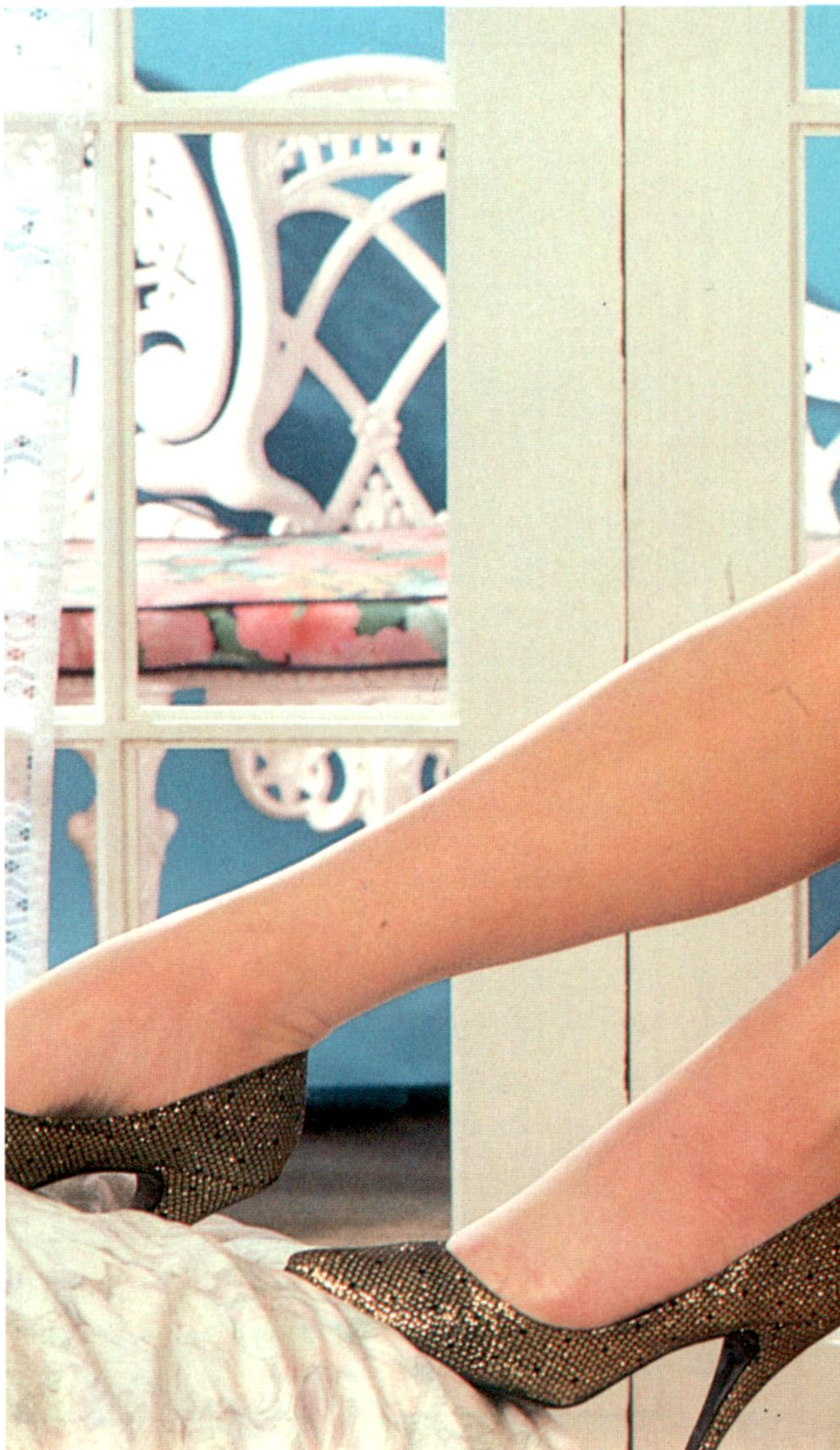


juliette

Photographs by Geoff Howes

We really can't complain here at Club. Every day we are bombarded with photos of beautiful girls peeling off panties, tearing off tights, and stepping out of stilettos. So it really takes someone special for us all to sit up and take notice – someone like the amazingly-bottomed Juliette here.

"I wonder which bit of you sat up and took notice first!" giggles the 20-year-old interior designer. Oooh, the cheek of the girl! Mind you, she's got a point, but how do her clients feel when they find out they're having their house decorated by a model?

"Well, the women usually ignore me, but the men always ask if I'm any good on floors, and if I am, would I mind doing some stripping for them!"

And judging by these pictures it looks like she ain't too bad at either! ♣

COMING IN club

Now, are you lot concerned about our heritage? Do you belong to The National Bust, that wonderful society for the preservation of our country's most valuable assets, like Kirsty's bosoms and bottom for instance? Of course you do. So if you fancy taking a sexy stroll around a stately home with the beautiful Kirsty as your guide then join us next month, when for the admission price of just £1.95 you can marvel at her historic bust as she runs her hands over a Chippendale or two! ♣

Volume 22 Number 9 on sale August 12th

IN THE BAG

continued from page 13

between my legs and pulled out the cork, and when I turned around I couldn't believe my eyes. Jane was siting on the worktop, her blouse open to the waist, rubbing her erect nipples. "Come and suck my tits," she said. I looked in the living room and saw Pat kneeling in front of my wife, her skirt around her waist and his face buried in her curly pubes.

I walked over to Jane and started to suck on her nipples. She lifted her bum up so that I could remove her tight leggings, as I kissed my way down over her flat stomach. "Mmm, that's good," she purred, "lick my cunt now." I licked my way along her smooth slit, then pushed my tongue deep inside her pussy. Jane started to moan as I thumbed her clit at the same time, making her writhe wildly around. Suddenly she stood up and led me into the living-room.

Alison who was on all fours with her arse high in the air and Pat behind her feeding his length inside her hairy cunt. Jane got down beside Alison in the same position. "C'mon, Richard," she giggled. "Fuck me nice and hard!" I moved behind Jane, relishing the sight of her glistening lips, then pushed my cock deep into her twat and started pumping for all I was worth.

Pat looked across at me with a grin. "I knew these two were horny bitches," he grinned, "but I never expected anything like this!" He started fucking Alison harder, then she started to shudder and I knew she was about to come.

"Shoot your spunk over me," yelled Alison, and he coated her bum and back with long streams of sticky spunk.

This horny sight was too much for me, and I reached down and started frantically frigging Jane's clit, as we both neared orgasm. Then just as I felt my balls begin to twitch, Jane slid off my cock, turned around and took my rigid length deep into her mouth and finished me off by sucking me dry.

After a while I started to feel horny again and I began to gently caress Jane's breasts. "Let's have some real fun, shall we?" she giggled. "You just lie back and relax, Richard... leave the rest to us."

Jane and Alison took turns to suck on my cock and fondle my balls – it felt fantastic! Meanwhile Pat wasn't being left out – he was behind Alison gently fingering her cunt. "C'mon, Pat," she gasped. "Push your cock inside me." Holding open her hairy cunt lips, Pat eased his meat inside her as she continued to suck hard on my prick.

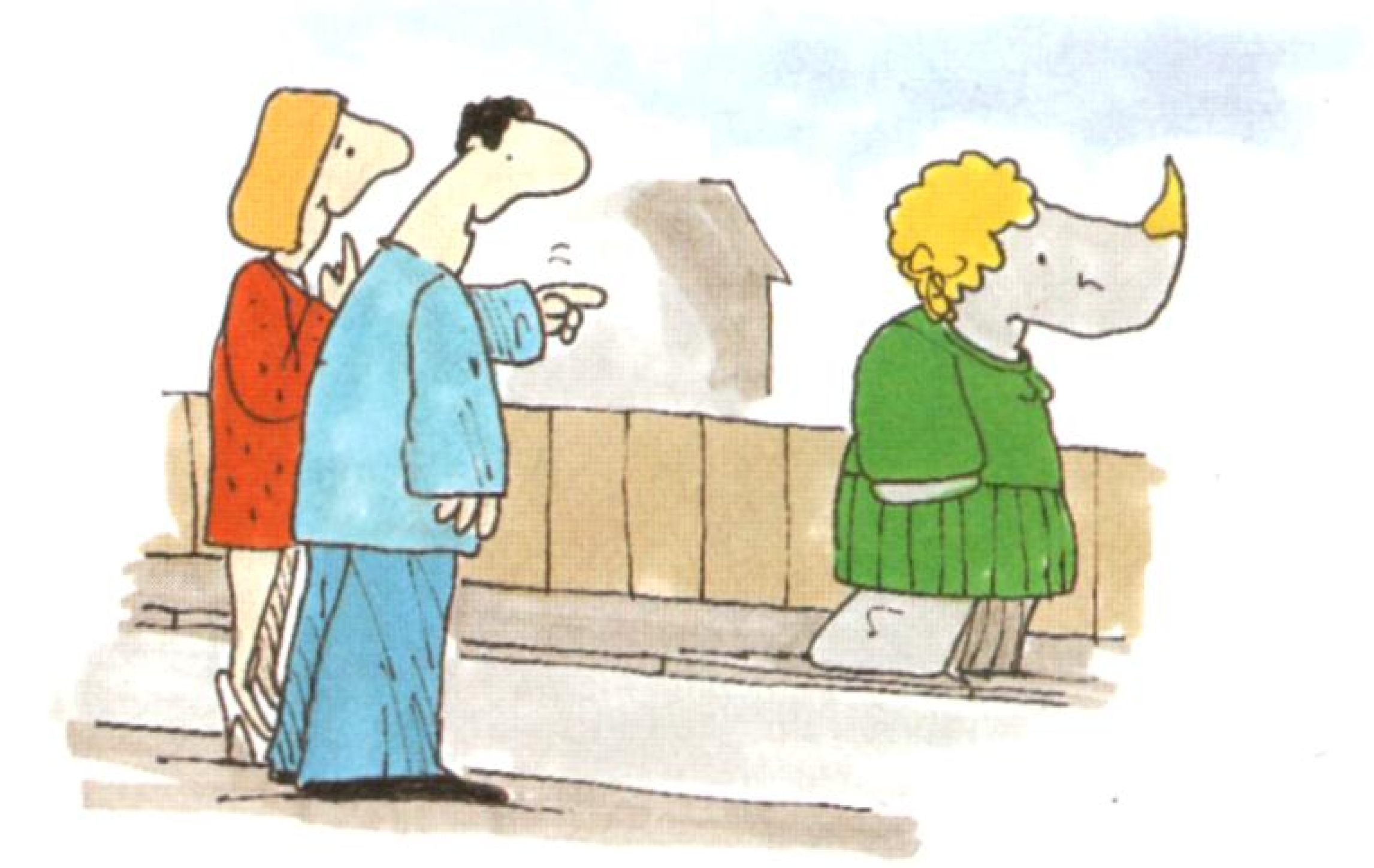
I could see Pat's cock all shiny and wet with her juices, and so could Jane. She pulled Pat's cock out of Alison's cunt and started to run her tongue up and down it, savouring the taste of Alison's sweet pussy. I could see Pat's face contort with pleasure as Jane lapped greedily at his balls, then his hips bucked as he sprayed his load over her face.

Alison rushed over and they kissed each other, both of them tasting Pat's spunk on each other's lips. The two of them ended up on the floor, sucking each other's boobs. It looked like Pat and I were going to see a lesbian finale to the afternoon!

Their hands were all over each other and when I saw Jane push two fingers into Alison's cunt, I almost came on the spot.

Alison threw her head back in ecstasy as an orgasm pulsed through her, then Jane started to kiss her way down Alison's lithe body until she reached her pussy. "Eat my cunt, you dirty little bitch!" begged Alison, holding Jane's head and grinding it over her pussy mound.

THE EDITOR'S RHINO JOKE



"Look it's Tatum O'Neil... Rhinoneil's daughter"

Jane obliged immediately, and holding open her fleshy cunt lips pushed her wet tongue deep inside her hot snatch. This sent Alison right over the edge.

I looked over at Pat, who was as engrossed in the action as I was, then I couldn't resist making a suggestion. "How about having a 69, girls?" I said. "Now that would be something special for us to watch."

Jane lay back on the floor and Alison positioned herself cunt-to-mouth with her – it was like a sexy jigsaw coming together, they fitted so perfectly! The two of them were like animals, licking and sucking on each other's cunt, until they came together – a perfect finish!

The night ended with us lads admitting defeat –the girls were right, there's just no way a fella can resist a sexy come-on from a woman; although I think Pat and I really knew that all along! – *Richard, Brighton* ♣

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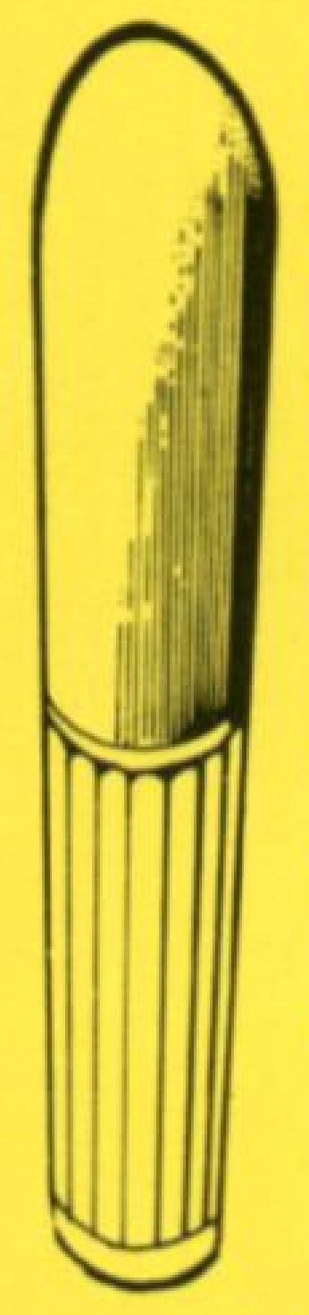

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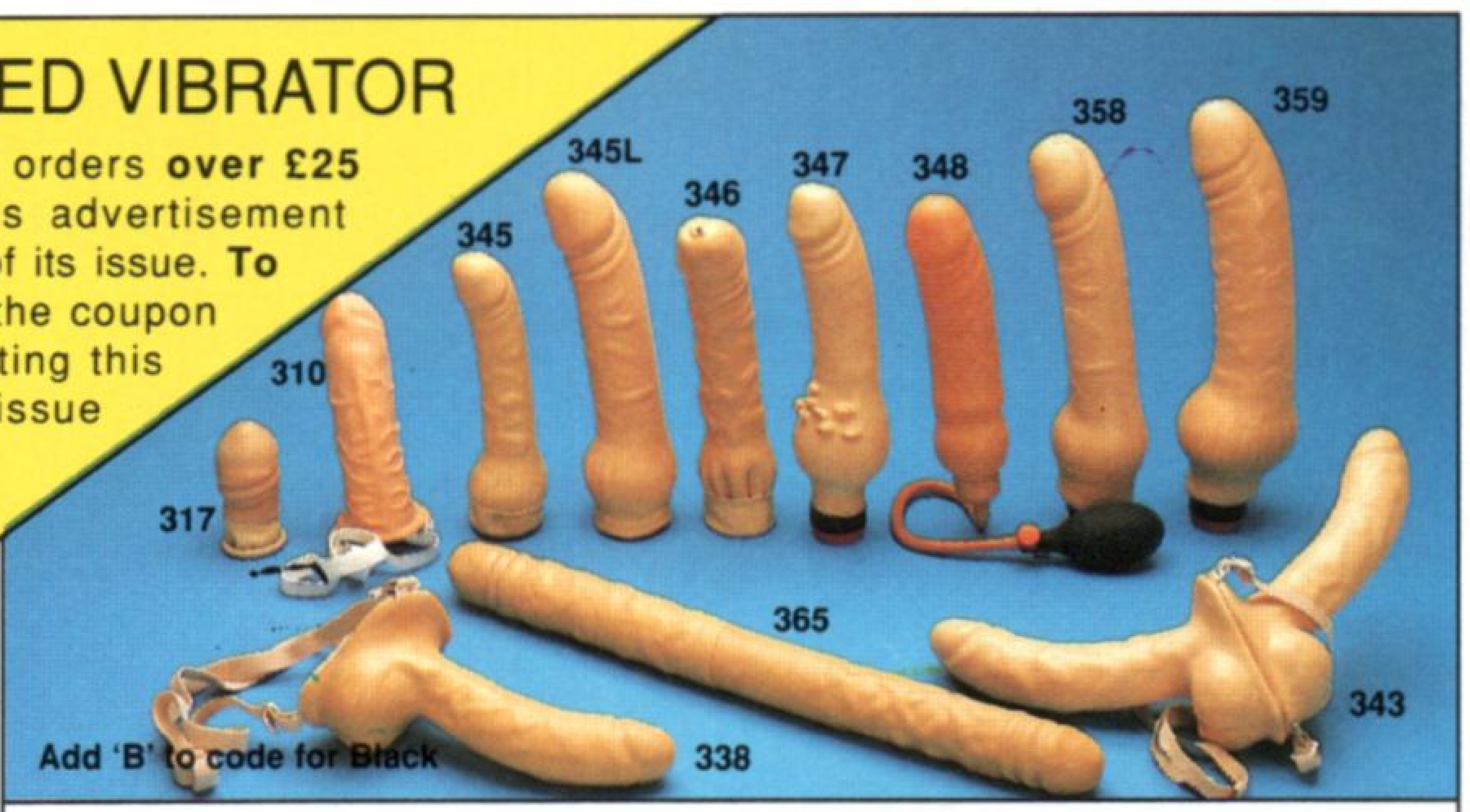

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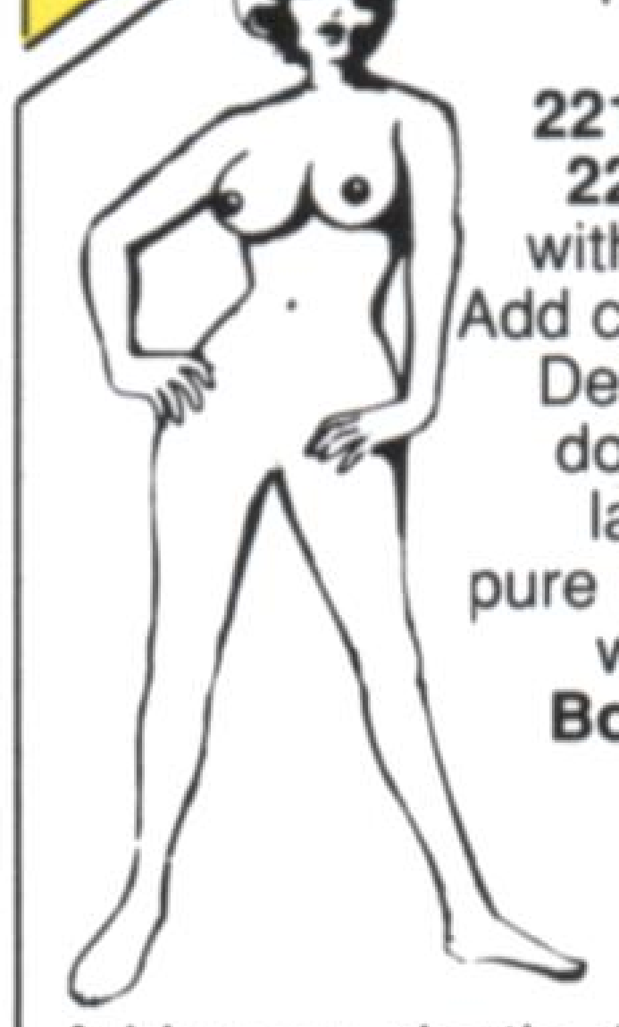

Details of female sex dolls made of strong latex-vinyl and also pure latex are available with our catalogue. **Bonus 'LOVE-PAC'** of lubricant and sheath included with all dolls.

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PADDED SHEATH 303 It has an outer surface of plastic latex moulded to the natural shape of the penis and an inner lining of soft cushioned latex providing a firm grip for the inserted penis. Adds girth and an extra 1$^{1}/_{2}$" to the penis. Complete with body belt. **£8.75**

SUPPORT SHEATH 310 As 303 but with a special strengthening splint built into the body of the shaft providing extra support. Ideal for the man with erection difficulties. **£9.75**

EXTENSION SHEATH A washable and reusable sheath with a solid tip that adds 1$^{1}/_{2}$" effective length to the male organ.

317 F Flesh or **317 B** Black **£4.00**

HAND PROSTHETIC For use by the female partner when circumstances make normal intercourse impossible.

345	Standard model	**£8.75**
345L	Large standard model	**£10.50**
346	De luxe model with ejaculating action	**£14.00**
347	Vibrating model with built-in clitoral stimulator	**£14.50**
348	Pump-up model allowing variable size adjustment	**£14.00**

358 BULLY BOY A vibrating hand prosthetic similar to the 'Pleaser 184' but with a larger length and girth **£13.25**

359 GIANT BULLY BOY The largest dildo for females who demand something even bigger to satisfy. Built in vibrator. **£14.75**

PROSTHETIC WITH SCROTUM AND HARNESS Designed for use between two females, it closely resembles the complete male genitals in form, texture and elasticity. It is supplied with an adjustable harness. The almost natural intercourse allowed by the appliance is of great value both physically and psychologically.

338	Standard model	**£18.50**
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340	Vibrating model	**£21.00**

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344	Vibrating model	**£27.50**

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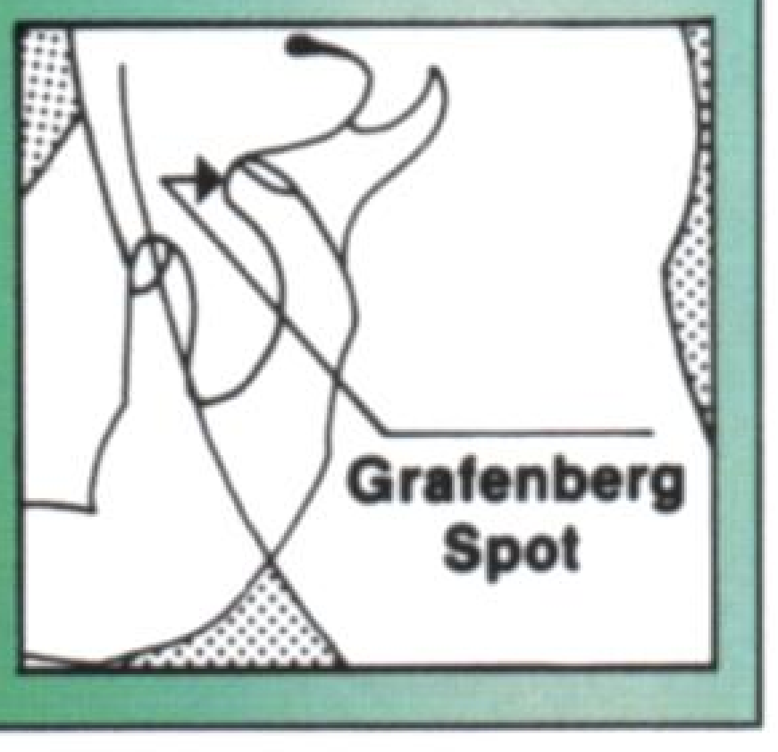
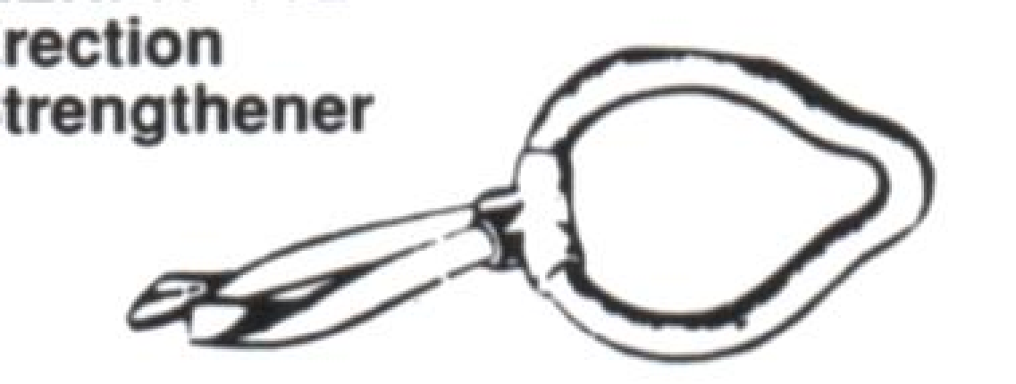


MENFIT 772 Erection Strengthener



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DUO-BALLS 730 Also known as 'Ben-Wa Balls' – an ancient Japanese delight. When inserted into the vagina almost any body movement will produce unique erotic sensations. They also help women maintain sexual arousal for long periods and develop vaginal muscle control. Movement within the balls comes from solid stainless steel balls.

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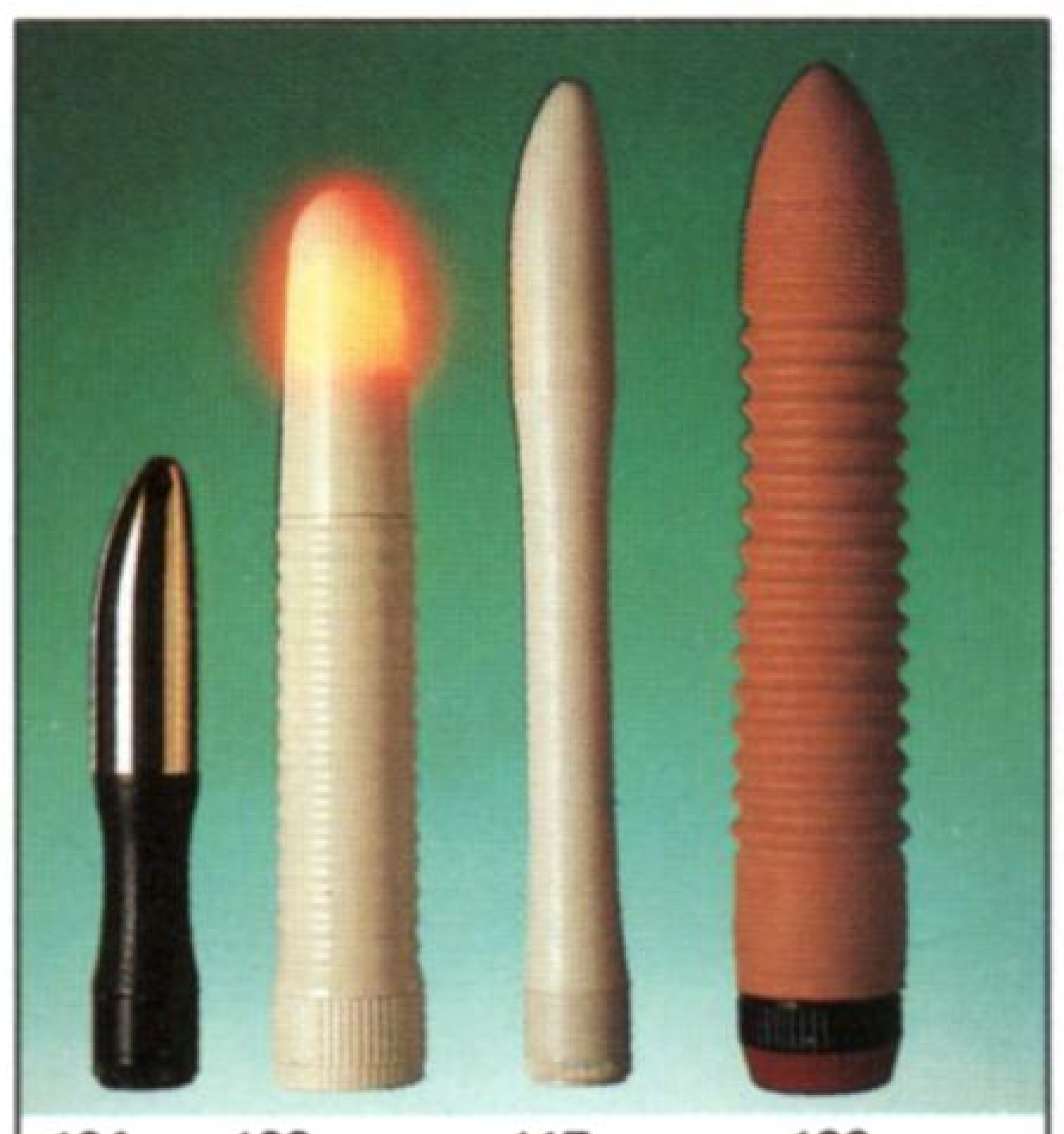
De Luxe Super Soft Duo-Balls 731 £7.00

***Vibrating* Duo Balls 729 £10.00**



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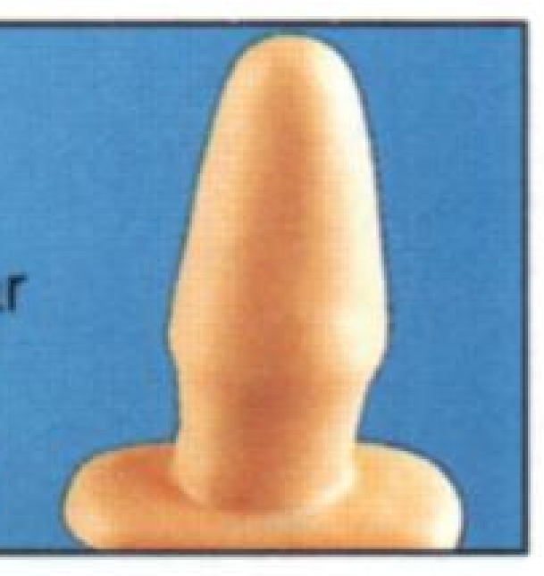

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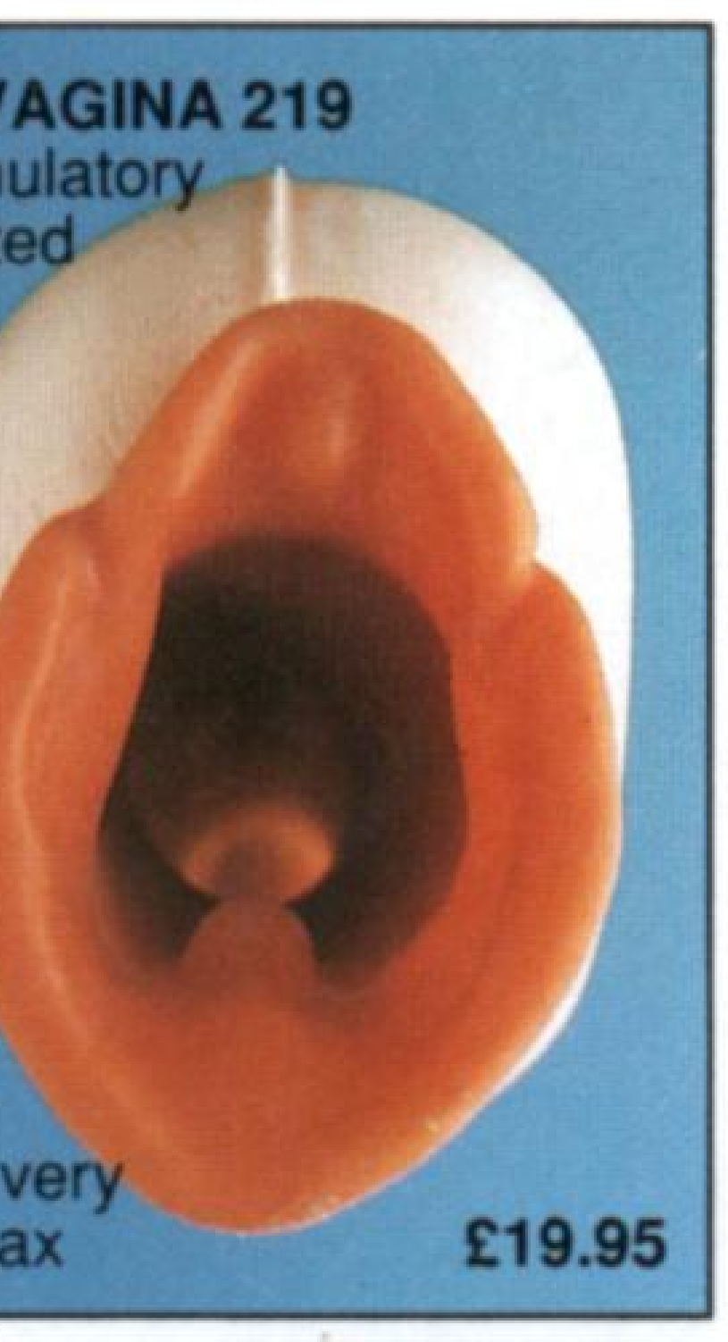

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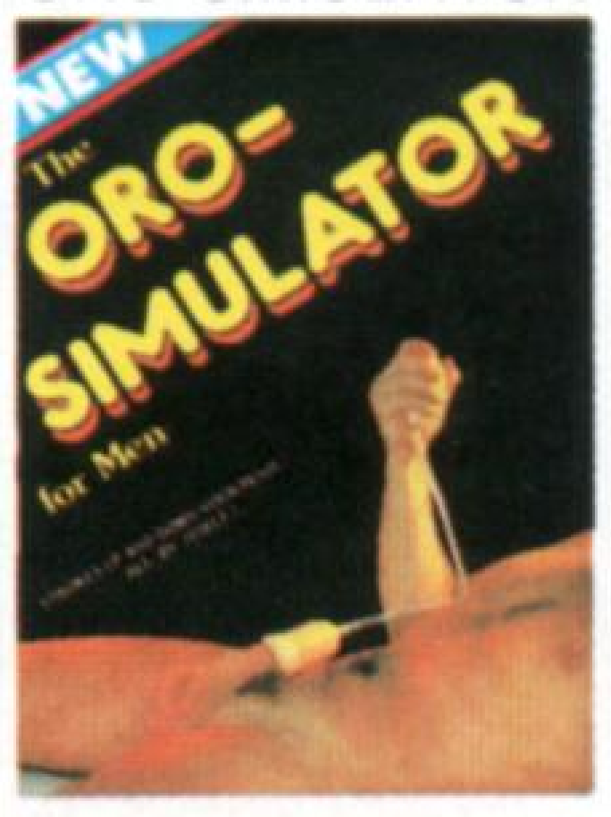

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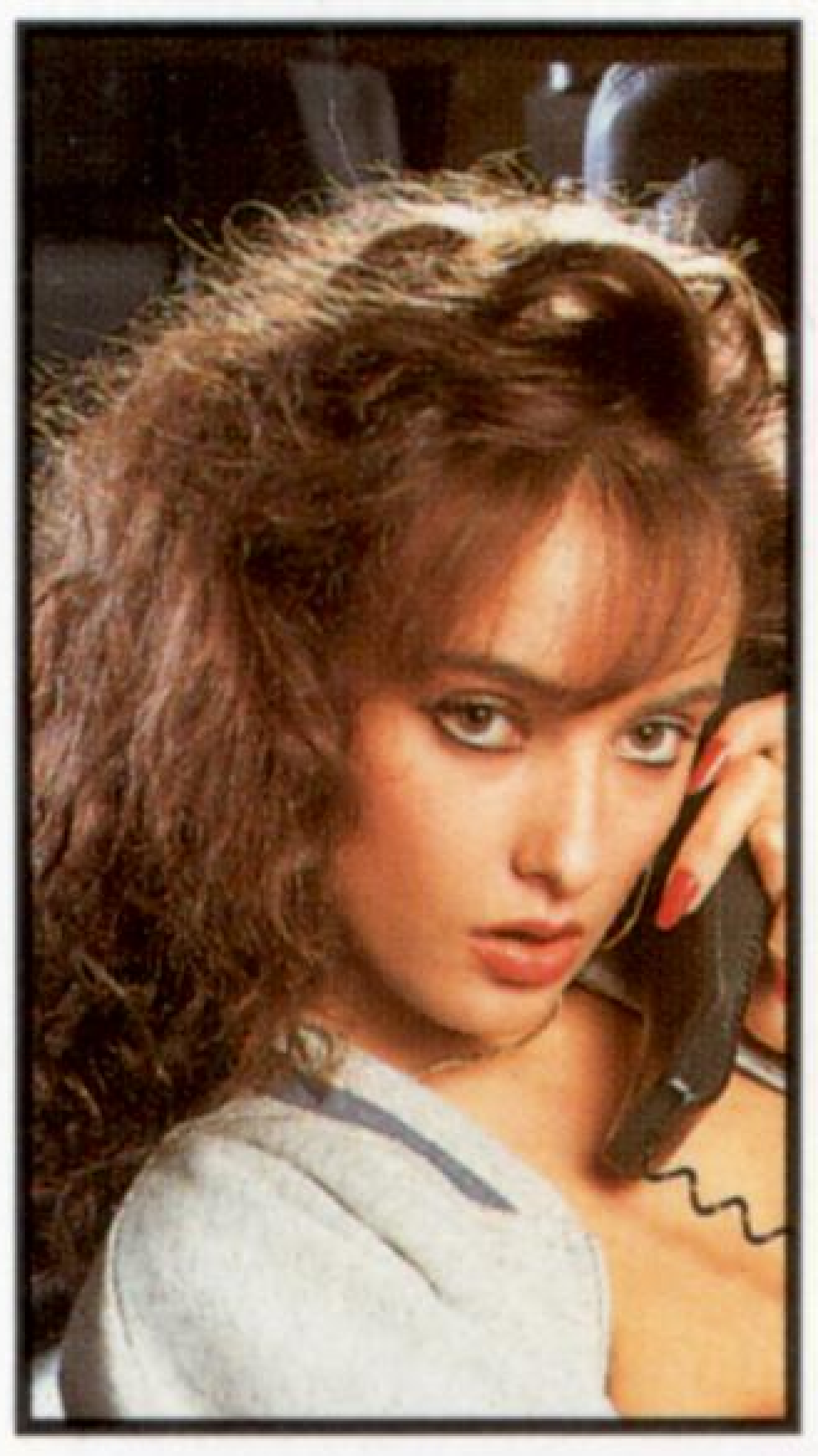

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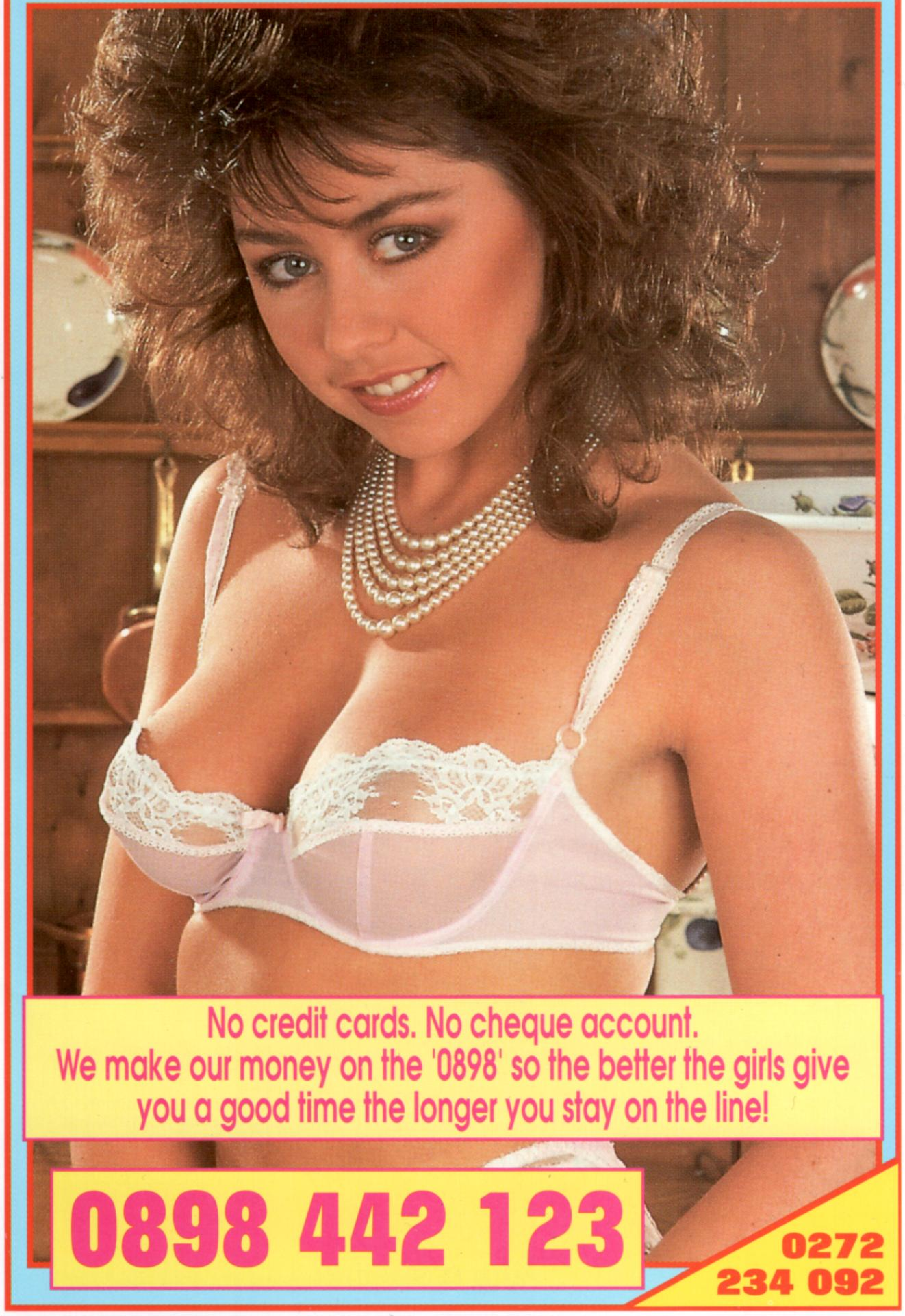

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